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# the ARMENIAN

A BRIEF STUDY OF THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE

POETRY SHORT STORIES ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

VOL. XIV, NO. 3-55

AUTUMN, SEPTEMBER, 1961

### THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

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### THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

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VOLUME FOURTEEN, NUMBER 3-55

**AUTUMN, SEPTEMBER, 1961** 

# THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE AND THE TWO ARMENIAN DELEGATIONS

ALEXANDER KHATISSIAN

NOTE-Much has been written both by foreign and Armenian authors on the story of the disastrous Lausanne Conference which proved the burial ground of the Armenian Case. With publication of Vahan Papazian's Memoirs, however, there comes to our attention hitherto unkown, and to the historian what might be considered as a priceless document which gives a day to day account of those hectic days-the diary of a man who was a member of the Delegation of the Armenian Independent Republic to the Paris Peace Conference after World War I and which also tried desperately to salvage something out of the wreckage during the Lausanne consultations.

The Armenian case was pursued at the Paris Peace Conference by two Armenian delegations: The Delegation of the Independent Republic of Armenia headed by Avetis Aharonian, the great Armenian poet and first President of the Armenian National Council, and the so-called Armenian National Delegation, headed by Boghos Nubar Pasha. Vahan Papazian and Alexander Khatissian were members of the first delegation.

Alexander Khatissian who served the Armenian Republic in a number of capacities as its second Prime Minister, as a member to the delegation to Istanbul in 1918 to negotiate with the Turks, as head of the Delegation which signed the Treaty of Alexandropol in 1920, and as member of the Republic's Delegation to Paris, kept a diary of the developments in Lausanne from November 22, 1922 to July 24, 1923, and after the termination of the Conference, based upon this diary, he wrote a comprehensive report of the whole story which he sent to all the members of the Delegation.

The report might have been lost and would certainly have proved a great loss to the historian, but fortunately Vahan Papazian kept his copy and finally published it in his two volume work entitled My Memoirs, Cairo, 1957. The following which the Armenian Review will publish serially, is a literal translation of the Diary Report from the original Armenian. It differs from all other accounts by virtue of the fact that, like Avetis Aharonian's diary "From Sardarapad to Lausanne," it was written by an Armenian, and unlike the placid accounts of foreign observers, it records in letters of blood each anxiety, each desperation, and each heart-beat which the two Armenian Delegations experienced in their frantic effort to save the Armenian cause but in which effort they unfortunately failed because of the apathy and the perfidy of an ungrateful world.-EDITORS.

During the latter part of this month (November, 1922), anticipating the Lausanne Conference, our Delegation (the delegation of the Independent Republic of Armenia) exerted great efforts in four directions. First, (1) to come to a perfect understanding with the National Delegation (Nubar Pasha's Delegation) in regard to the memorandum which was to be presented to the Conference; (2) to try to induce the great powers to place our question on the agenda, comprehensively, and in the form we wanted; (3) to try to induce the Russians to defend our cause before the Turks, and (4) on our part, to try to find a

common language with the Turks.

With this aim in view, the representatives of the two delegations, Aharonian, Noradoungian, Khatissian, Papazian (in Paris, London and Berlin) took certain steps and made a number of appeals. On the 18th of this month Aharonian, Sinabian, and Pashalian went to Lausanne. Noradoungian and Khatissian at present are staying here, (in Paris), while Babachanian departed for Moscow one week ago, accompanied by Safrastian, to negotiate with the Russians.

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The result of our appeals was a paper, literally the same, first from Lord Curzon in the name of the Allied Powers, dated the 13th of this month, and the other from Poincare, the 17th of this month, in which we found for the first time in an official communication acknowledgement of the de jure independence of Armenia.

The Armenian question (Armenian Home and the question of the minorities) has been placed on the conference agenda and a promise was made, if necessary, to give a hearing to the two delegations. Our Swiss friends were to have an interview with the Turks on the 18th, and if the ground is cleared, the conversations will be continued by the members of the two delegations. It seems the conference will take a long time, probably at least one month. We sent instructions everywhere so that our Armenian communities would wire the conference, asking a solution of the Armenian Ouestion. Of course if the conference should fail to come to an agreement on the major issues (the questions of the capitulations and the freedom of the Straits), our question too would remain unsolved.

On the 16th of November Messres. Aharonian and Noradoungian came to see Poincare. At the beginning of the month Khatissian had gone to London where he had seen Vansittart and Osborn. Varandian reports that he had an interview with the Assistant Foreign Minister in Rome, and

everywhere we have been assured of great sympathy, and that the powers stand firm, but they see two great obstacles on the path of our claims: (1) the intransigence of Turkey, and (2) the absence of Russia during the conversations.

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We have observed absolute silence on the part of Russia in regard to our case, both in Erevan and in Moscow. Babachanian's mission on the one hand, and our labors in Berlin on the other, as yet have produced no results. Some there have expressed the opinion that the time has not arrived yet for the final solution of the Eastern Question.

First, the Turks must be made to understand that by conquering the Greeks they have not conquered the Allies. Second, the Balkan Federation must be strengthened as a balance against Turkey. And third, Russia must end her relations with Turkey. Then and only then a real treaty can be achieved. No one knows what course events will take, but in the last interview with Venizelos it became plain that he, too, shares this opinion, His chief concern now is to save Thrace from the Turks. All the same, we are doing our best to bring our case to this conference.

A few days ago our delegation held an open session which was attended by one hundred persons from this community, Turkish Armenians and Russian Armenians. Messres Noradoungian, Aharonian and Khatissian gave reports on the situation of our case, Generally the two delegations are working in unison.

After a series of preliminary consulations between the two delegations, on November 18, Aharonian was sent to Lausanne. Sinabian and Pashalian proceeded there from the National Delegation. One week later they were joined by Messres. Khatissian and Noradoungian. The two delegations are working there in good accord.

Messres. Aharonian and Khatissian have

had many interviews, a resume of which information and impressions we give below.

On every hand they have received assurance of sympathy, all are in favor of creating a National Home, but they find that the means of influencing the Turks are few.

One important thing which is clearly discernible is the unity of the Allies which at present exists and which is highly favorable for us. Turkish disposition toward our case at present is uncompromising. Both Sinabian's interview with Ismet and our conversation with Husseyin Djahid1 indicate that the Turks are so drunk with success that they are unwilling to make any sort of concession. Our representatives have given Husseyin Djahid extensive explanations in regard to our claims which he took under consideration and promised to present them to Ismet. He said he is waiting for Djavid Bey2 at the invitation of Ismet, a man who is more moderate, and the two of them will make possible our interview with Ismet. It must be stated that everyone advises us to keep trying, to come to an agreement with the Turks.

At present in Lausanne are American friends of the Armenians Dr. Barton, the President of the Near East Relief, and Montgomery, the Secretary of the "Armenia-America Society" and representative of all American churches. They all are helping us, especially the latter who is in constant touch with the American representatives. Our delegates have had conversations with the American representatives, Child and Grew. It has become plain that they are instructed by their government "to defend the project of a National Home." Our delegates have supplied them all the information and they are in possession of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Editor of Tanin and an influential member of the Ittihad.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>Former Minister of Finance and an influential member of Ittihad.

much material on our case. Child revealed that he already had a conversation with Ismet insisting on our claim and the latter admitted that it is impossible to settle all the Armenians in Russia, but gave no idea of the solution of the problem.

Child told us to leave it to them to discover the means of putting across our case. Admiral Bristol said to Khatissian: "The Armenians and the Turks can no longer live side by side. We must separate them by creating the National Home. The Turks are reluctant to concede their land but I am hopeful something can be done. They are afraid the Armenians will become a tool in the hands of Russia." He promised to use his influence on the Turks. Like all others at Lausanne generally have told us, he said, "We must not pose the issue in the form of expansion of Russian Armenia since such a measure would strengthen the Bolshevik state, but we must create a National Home under Turkey's own protectorate."

A new meeting was arranged for the next day between Noradoungian, Aharonian and Khatissian. Montgomery divulged to us that Child had specific instructions from his government in regard to the Armenian Home, and he is getting ready to make a statement in the conference. He is equipped with all the necessary material. In reply to a question of British High Commissioner Rubold if the Americans would support the idea of the National Home if the British posed the question, Child gave him an affirmative answer.

As to the mood of the Turks, Nansen had a conversation with Mustafa Kemal and received the impression that if the Turks are obliged to make any concession at all that will be on Alashgert, and not to the fort of Kars.

Ismet Pasha wired Ankara in regard to his interview with Sinabian, and as we learned today, Ismet Pasha said to the person<sup>3</sup> who was to arrange our interview with him that he had received a wire from Ankara stating that a treaty with the Republic of Armenia already had been signed and the question of boundaries was settled. What pertained to Turkish Armenians, they were free to live in Turkish Armenia, and therefore, there no longer was any need of a National Home. "I have nothing new to say to the Armenians," he concluded.

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The advisor of the Turkish Delegation<sup>4</sup> has said that the Turks will preserve the territorial bond with the Mohammedans of the Caucasus, and that, from this viewpoint the possession of Van is essential as the route to Baku via Persia. The general impression is the Turks' high spirits has sustained a decline during the past ten days before the Allied united front.

The role of the Little Entente in our case has not as yet been expressed in any manner, the position of Greece is also tangibly weakened, especially since the last death sentences,<sup>5</sup> and she can't give us any help. The general opinion is there will not be a breakdown in Lausanne and that everything will end peacefully.

The French representatives (Barrere and Bompard) likewise have expressed their sympathy toward our claims and are doing what they can for our cause. They have promised to place the question of the Armenian National Home on the agenda, but we must know that the Turks are opposed to it and it is hard to influence them, these are their words. In view of the clarification of the situation our Delegation has asked for an interview with Lord Curzon and now they are waiting for an answer. As to the Russians, Noradoungian and Pashalian have asked for an interview

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>I do not know whether this intermediary was Der-Nersesian, Djahid, or Naoum.

<sup>4</sup>Munir Bey.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup>Executed by the Greek Government: Kunaris, Baltajis, Hadji Anestis, all ministers.

with Chicherin. After these two interviews (with Lord Curzon and Chicherin), and after seeing Ismet which our delegation has requested, it will be possible to present more plainly the exact situation of our case.

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Buxton and British friends of the Armenians likewise are doing their best, but they pursue the view which was defended by Buxton last year, namely, to annex certain territories to Russian Armenia; still they are confronted with protests on all sides as to how it is possible to expand the boundaries of Soviet Armenia which in reality is a Russian colony, etc.

There is talk that, for the present, Turkey intends to make use of the Russians in Lausanne but, after the peace, to join the Allies against Russia. Our delegation has learned from a reliable source that Ismet said to the British and French representatives that Russia is their real enemy but he was afraid to provoke the Russians without definite guarantees from the Allies. Noradoungian must solicit Chicherin's mediation and his moral support, and not put pressure on the Turks?

On the 4th of this month (Obviously December—TR.) our men saw Barrere who said he would speak with Lord Curzon on the morrow about the question of the National Home, that our case will be on the agenda apparently after seven to eight days, that the Turks have not made a single concession and he does not know how they can be forced to do so. He thinks it would be better if we put our case in the category of minorities, and not territorial, because in this manner it will not raise so much noise in Ankara. He promised to see us again after his interview with Lord Curzon.

On November 30 Varandian had an interview with Mussolini in Rome. The latter was both cordial and attentive and he promised to see Varandian again after his return from London. Details by following letter.

On December 5 our men had conversations with important Turkish leaders whom they had seen before, and who, after seeing Ismet, were in a position to give us definite answers. Ismet first repeated that their stand is well known to the Armenian Delegation, that is, there is an Armenian republic which has signed a treaty with Turkey. The Turkish Armenians can live safely in Turkey while the rest can return to their homes safely. Therefore, for the present, there was no need of an interview. Second, the Turks are relentless toward the Greeks, they want them to withdraw from Turkey to the last man, while the Armenians can remain and they will be protected in every way. Third, with the withdrawal of the Greeks the Armenians can fill the slack in commerce and the Turks will support them. Fourth, at present the Armenian Question is not on the agenda, but when it comes, the Turks will give all the necessary explanations, and since the two delegations represent all the Armenians, they will talk with us. Fifth, the notorious wire of the Anatolian Agency has deeply stirred the Turks who now think "something is cooking."

In a special conversation, Naoum Effendi told Khatissian that within two to three days the Turks' position will be made clear about the question of the Straits. They will either incline toward the Allies or the Russians, and that will be highly significant as regards the whole policy, as well as the Armenian question. That's the reason for their present reservation. The same Naoum said even if the Turks should agree to the idea of an Armenian National Home that will not be in Cilicia, nor will it be an independent territory under Turkish protectorate, because every autonomy will end in independence, with the expansion of Armenian boundaries. The Turkish protectorate is problematical and is without value. Again the same Naoum who has

been in America has said to Ismet that without a solution of the Armenian case no loan can be hoped for from America.

On December 6 Noradoungian and Aharonian had an interview with Garroni. Their purpose was (1) to find out when our case would come up in the convention; (2) to tell him we were interested only in the National Home and not the minorities; (3) that we would be loyal friends of the Turks.

Garroni's reply was: he and the whole of Italy were friendly to Armenia; Italy would support the British stand towards the Armenians but he could not assume the initiative; the Armenians had worked for England during the war, and therefore, England should have the first voice in the Armenian question; the best way for the Armenians is to get something-in direct agreement with the Turks; most important of all, the other day Lord Curzon had asked of Garroni to put the question of the Minorities before the first Committee, namely the Committee on Territories of which he was chairman, and Garroni said he was not opposed to it. That much from him is highly favorable for us because Garroni is very lax and at the same time he is a Turcophile.

The question is what will the British and Lord Curzon do for us. Today in a letter Harold Buxton told Noradoungian that the British Government will defend the cause of the Home, but how far it will go depends on the following question marks: (1) Is the reference to the Armenian National Home? (2) What will be the position of Italy and France as regards our case? (3) To what extent will America support the question of the Home? (4) Will it be possible for Lord Curzon to win over the Turks by the time our case comes up before the Conference since each proposal coming from the British and the French to this day has been received by the Turks as a hostile step? (5) Efforts should be made to resolve the Armeno-Turkish relations, and the Armenians themselves facilitate the task of the British by befriending the Turks. All these are the words of Rumbold and Tirrell. This information left a bad impression on us, especially on Noradoungian who advocated bringing pressure on Lord Curzon from the outside, and to this end, letters were written to Lord R. Cecil and the Archbishop of Canterbury to bear pressure on Lord Curzon.

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The last day our men learned from a reliable source that the Turks are amenable to the idea of creating a committee consisting of Armenians, Russians, and Turks to attend the rectification of boundaries under auspices of the League of Nations, but this has not definitely been verified as yet. Rumbold said that, if nothing came out of the conference, it could at least be stated in the Treaty that the question of the Turkish boundaries still stands pending solution.

Hope is entertained that if the question of the Straits comes before the conference by the 10th of the month our question will have its turn on the 12th or the 13th.

In Geneva, Drummond<sup>6</sup> absolutely refused to send the resolutions to the Conference, objecting that he was not authorized to take such a step, and that he already had sent the resolutions to the governments of Paris, London and Rome; as to Child, he would send the resolutions to Washington. He advised us to wire the President of the Council (De Gama, Brazil's Ambassador to London) asking him to instruct Drummond to fulfill our request. Our men, together with Noradoungian, prepared such a wire and sent it to London. Noradoungian's interview with Ismet officially has been set for the 9th of this month, 9:30 P. M. The plan of the con-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup>General Secretary of the League of Nations.

versations is being drafted by the two delegations.

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That day the British member of the Delegation, Nicholson revealed to Montgomery that Lord Curzon, in his original list of the agenda before the Conference was opened, had definitely set the Home for Cilicia but the French Covernment rejected the idea and the question was left suspended. Beyond a doubt the British are reluctant to further expand the boundary of Russia, it is likewise certain that the Turks do not want to strengthen the Russians. It is equally plain that the Russians want Kars and Alashkerd for themselves and not for the independence of Armenia. Only from this confusion can Turkey benefit. Noradoungian himself is in favor of the Eastern Provinces.7 Noradoungian will see Barrere (the French delegate) to find out his instructions in regard to the locale of the Home.

That day Montgomery went to see Chicherin and asked him to use his influence on the Turks. He showed him our map and defended our thesis (United Armenia). Chicherin said the Soviets want to help the Armenians, that they wish to expand the boundaries of Russian Armenia, but the Armenians have gone too far in arming the Turks against them, serving as the tool of the Entente. He said it is very difficult to persuade the Turks; still Montgomery asked him to use his influence. Montgomery received the impression that the Russians will be willing to help in this connection, namely to extend the present boundary.

Dro informed us from Moscow via Berlin that Chicherin has instructions to defend the extension of the Russian Armenian boundary (the boundary of 1914 including Van and Alashkerd) and that the Russians today can put into the field an army of

21/2 millions. An appeal has been made to Captain Baldwin (whose father is a member of the British Cabinet). Khatissian asked him to induce his father to arrange an interview with Bonar Law, and he, quoting from a letter from his father, informed Khatissian. Bonar Law asked us to bear in mind that he will not continue Lloyd George's system of personal interference in foreign policy, and therefore, he could not receive Khatissian, but, he pointed out, Lord Curzon can personally implement the Cabinet's policy. Meanwhile Baldwin's son who is a personal friend of Nicolson (Curzon's secretary) has expressed his willingness to to come to Lausanne at his own account and expense in order to help us. The noted journalist Paillares attaches great importance to American influence, and to this end Montgomery is working hard, preaching everywhere that Turkey cannot "stick her nose in America" if she fails to give satisfaction to the Armenians.

On the 7th of the month our men saw Bristol. He promised again to speak to the Turks and he advised us to do the same. He said, in his opinion, the Turks, as well as the British and the French, do not favor the creation of a Cilician National Home. Our men supplied him new information in regard to the condition of the refugees in Greece (Tourian's wire) and called his attention to the Armenians of Istanbul. The reception was most friendly but there was not a single positive result. The same day, at 5 p.m., we entertained the Turcophile Professor Mioux whom we had asked to dinner two days before and had asked him to see Ismet and pave the way for our interview with him. He told us that his friend Colonel Forgela (the military correspondent of a Geneva paper), at his own request, had had an interview with Ismet and had given him a fine presentation of the Armenian case from the standpoint of Turkish inter-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup>Formerly a proponent of the Cilician Home.

ests, and at the end of the conversation he asked him to see the Professor.

That interview took place that morning. Rushti Bey, the chief of the Turkish Information Bureau, acted as interpreter. Ismet apparently was friendly-inclined toward the Armenians, but at the same time he posed a number of objections. First, he said, there are Turks-Tartars-in Russia who can be transplanted into Turkey (population exchange), that there are no more than 800,000 Armenians in Russian Armenia, therefore Armenia has much room for newcomers. Then he said in the so-called colonies there are no more than 3-400,-000 Armenians, and not 700,000, and they have no inclination to return either to the Home or Turkey and will stay where they now are. This conjecture is based on a comparison of the Armenians with the Jews, wherever the Armenians settle they start out with business.

Then he said in three years Turkey will be so transformed and will become a European state with its laws and exterior that no one will ever think of a National Home. "See?" he said, "the dead Jewish Home in Palestine? No one will buy it." In short, the Home is not necessary; there is plenty of room around Erevan where the Armenians can settle and we will get along very well with them in the future. As to giving an audience to the Armenian representatives, he said he is always ready to receive them, but he added "Mr. Noradoungian represents the Armenians living outside of Turkey because the Armenian remnants in Turkey are our subjects and I myself am their representative; while Messres. Aharonian and Khatissian represent the Republic of Armenia which has its own government and with whom Turkey now holds a treaty and which does not recognize these gentlemen, he would see them in unofficial capacity."

In the evening our men saw Mr. Buxton

from whom they gathered Lord Curzon apparently was reluctant to receive here the representative of the Armenian Republic Mr. Aharonian but would rather receive Mr. Noradoungian.

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It is highly significant that Lord Curzon in his speech of today, addressing himself to Chicherin, said: "You can speak in the name of Russia, Ukrainia and Georgia, but you cannot speak in the name of Turkey." It seems he does not want to provoke the Bolsheviks.

As regards the projected visits with both Ismet and Lord Curzon, and considering the delicacy of the situation, our delegation decided to ask Noradoungian to see Ismet alone, something which Noradoungian had insisted upon. He will see Ismet on the 8th of this month and will ask Ismet to grant the second interview to Aharonian and Khatissian. He wanted to go alone so he could speak with him freely in Turkish and represent the Turkish Armenians as former Foreign Minister of Turkey. Our delegation explained to him that a meeting of our representatives will have a special significance to Ismet from the party standpoint. Noradoungian agreed with this and promised to explain to Ismet our absence, assuming the whole responsibility. As to the meeting with Lord Curzon, in view of the fact that he had not received our representatives for the past ten days, and likewise in view of Buxton's abovementioned hint, Aharonian asked Noradoungian to arrange for a private interview with Curzon and an appeal to this end was made the same day.

That day a letter was received from Babachanian from Riga. He had not seen Chicherin but had met A. Begzatian and A. Piroomian they who had gone on to Berlin. They said Chicherin had orders from Moscow not to raise the Armenian question, but should others raise it he will defend it. In Riga the Russian Ambassador Yurenev encouraged Babachanian to go to Moscow which he did on the 4th of December. In view of all this, on the 8th of this month Noradoungian asked Chicherin for an interview. He is going alone.

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en nd to ers ian vill The same days our delegation released a set of news releases to the newspapers and agencies. Their general impression is that an

agreement will be arrived at, that apparently the conference will consider all the questions by the 25th, differences of opinion will be determined, and there will be an intermission. Ismet will go to Ankara and will return with a final answer. But all that is mere supposition.

(To be continued)

### THE SHARE IN DEATH

What should I tell you, that you share in death.

(Wealth of our wealth, child of these shores,

wearing a new suit, driving a fast car)? Walk in the desert.

Walk naked in your dreams.

Nail one hand only to a crucifix.

(And all you see is a cold pilav and a faded rug and the battle of the newspapers, and everybody late, always, to the hontess.

And the old men die.)

What should I tell you, that you share

(Shame of our shame, child of these shores,

wearing a new suit, driving a fast car)?
Stride mountains.

Strive for high free Ararat. And know, An anger forged of anguish bore you; Wonder that refused to die

Passed on your names.

(And so you swerve in your fast car, arch in plastic your roof, and live by weekly magazines. Now you can purchase a new dream, making pale love in steam -heated rooms.

And the young men die.)

What should I tell you that you share in

age—
Ages and ages of tortured youth?
Let us pass on the sweet, the cold, clear
Flavor of death—the hope in the veins.

-KASROUNI

# MAY THEY STAY ALIVE

### GARO SASSOUNI

During the period of the Armenian Revolution when terror and injustice reigned supreme in the land, one day Boghe and Moso, two lion-hearted brothers, scaled the heights of Dzovasar and they never return 2d.

That spring the smoke of the powder, having descended from the high hills, had blanketed the fields and the meadows below. The hot vapor rising from the orchards of Arkavank was filling the nostrils of the oxen with the smell of the powder as they pressed their wrinkly foreheads against the plow beams. Up on the heights the cannon was roaring to stifle the voice of freedom.

The humdrum of the village life moved merrily on yet the mouths were clammed up and tightened lips hid the cares of the village in troubled hearts. The oxen shared the fate of these men of the soil who for centuries had lived in their ancestral home but who were not free.

Boghe and Moso did not return from the heights of Dzovasar.

The grief of these two graveless heroes, mingled with the turbid waters from the spring thaw, came to muddy the happy hearts of Arkavank which were proud like the mountains because of these two self-sacrificing freedom fighters. They were the glory and honor of the village, standing on the mountain peaks. And the village could not even weep its sorrow. The bones

of the Armenian were crushed in the iron chain of tyranny.

That day the Tonir of Boghe-entz, the fire place of the Boghe family, was not lit. No one had the heart to touch the grief-stricken mother.

The plowers, bent low under the weight of their suffering, scarcely dared to speak to their oxen.

"Hey Vakh! Alas! Today no smoke was seen rising from the roof of Boghe-entz!"

And the oxen, silently and patiently, bore this grief as an ancient fate. Seyran, the mother of these peerless braves, a broadshouldered and heavy-boned woman of the fields, a dagger in her heart, clamped a tight fist on her mouth to stifle the pain, and like a wounded bear, retired in her home with the Tonir. There, in her solitude, she strained her maternal tears until the last drop dried out of her veins. Her two young daughters-in-law, too, discarded their colorful veils, turned into ghosts wrapped in black, and together with their loss of love, shared the anguish of a mother, deep and incurable.

Slowly the Tonir smouldered, and to keep the candle of the old hearth burning, the mother exposed her dried breast to the See ped her of deep burie on the lay lithe and ches

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<sup>\*</sup>Tonir is an old country fireplace, dug deep in the ground and buttressed by a brick frame work, with a metal top on which the thin flat bread is baked. When the baking is over, it is covered with blankets and is used to warm the feet or to sleep on it.

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ered or to Seyran donned her black kerchief, wrapped it around her firm chin, clamped tight her determined and daring chin, and with a deep, serene look in which death was buried, came out of her Tonir room. There on the smoke smudged wall, where she lay her head to sleep at nights, she hung the dusty caps of her two darlings Boghe and Moso, the only souvenirs of the marital chest, left from the two young bridegrooms.

These two caps haloed by the black dust, took the place of a portrait or a statue, and the wall of the Tonir room, rising above the mother's head, became the sacred altar of Boghe-ents home. The Tonir, left from seven generations, was lit every morning, and the black beams above the black walls formed an arch of ebon. The deep mysterious home of the Little Mother took the shape of an ancient pagan temple, and Seyran, like a priestess, devoted and resolute, with a determined forehead, stepped out into the village. She became the personification of a silent but mysterious strange but tangible power in her community.

The secret of the Revolution, often having traversed unknown roads, had come to find refuge under the shelter of Bogheents home. Hrair, the revolutionary leader, together with his comrades, had often broken bread at the table of Seyran. And Seyran, while unloosing the laces of their moccasins, felt a motherly tenderness toward those giants who had lost their mothers. When one day Boghe and Moso took the road to Dzovasar, Seyran became the real mother of those self-sacrificing volunteers whose number was legion and whose death radiated a vivid immortality in the souls of the Armenian community.

With the deep faith which is chracteristic of women, Seyran believed in the covenant of freedom, became the embodiment of sacrifice on the road of mystery, and when

she was kissing the foreheads of her two verdant sons on that last midnight, together with the anguish of the mother, her soul was overwhelmed with that supremely noble feeling of sacrifice. Was it not true that she was dissecting her own heart in order to send a blood offering to the holy ideal?

Now Boghe and Moso had fallen by the enemy bullet, but to Seyran they were not dead. The fighting spirit was everywhere, and Seyran, baptized in the basin of self denial, had forgotten the world, had strained with her tears all her maternal weaknesses, and had opened wide her spiritual heart to all those who spanned the mountains like ghosts and spent their nights with the wolves in the caves.

There was a mysterious secret wrapped always under her eyelids, and like one who needed no comforting she lavished her comfort on others who suffered from their sorrow. In the course of time, men found it only natural that this woman with the constitution of an oak tree, should live and think of the sorrow of others with a virtuous self-effacement.

Seyran had lost her husband ten years before. Left alone, like a stout pillar, she put her shoulder to the great hearth of the Boghe-ents home until her sons grew up. The hot winds came and broke the two young and flourishing limbs and now there was left only the trunk of the tree.

Now that the two grown-ups were gone, Seyran spoke like a big man to her youngest son Kaleh who was a lad of the plow, scarcely seventeen.

"Kaleh, my son, you are now the only candle left from the Boghe-ents home—and pointing to the caps of Boghe and Moso on the wall—You shall guard their honor."

The eyes of Kaleh and the two young brides were filled with tears. But Seyran, with a tender look, scanned the height of her young scion, and as if not wanting to notice the tears in the eyes of those two fragile souls, she retired to a corner to set the table.

That night wayfarers were to pass through the village.

That night a wind slid under the eaves of the rooftops, strange shadows brushed the walls, and at midnight the door of Boghe-ents was opened. Seven weary armed men fell into the Tonir room. There was silence and peace in the village.

Seyran unloosed their moccasins and bathed their feet. Subdued by this silent maternal affection, they—men of arms who had forgotten to speak—were embarrassed by the old woman's comforting words. The grief of their lost comrades was still smarting in their hearts, the old mother's wound still bleeding.

Under the pale light of a flaxseed candle they were eating bread and warming their feet in the Tonir. They were silent, the stony weight of the silence pressed heavily on their shoulders.

Finally they spoke up:

"How are you, Little Mother?"

"May you stay alive! May they stay alive!"
Seyran's hand pointed to the hats hanging on the wall as she spoke, pious and invincible.

Refreshed by this mother's faith in immortality, the *Fedayees* felt reinvigorated, to take to the hills before the **break** of dawn.

Swift as the wind and intangible like a shadow, the secret came and went away from the home of Boghe-ents.

The next day, Seyran, her waist firm and her lips pressed tight, with a load of wood on her back, headed for the city. She lingered in front of a few shops then trekked as far as the Armenian Prelacy building, and after slipping a secret message into the secretary's hand, having wrapped a piece of bread and cheese in her apron, she came to a halt in front of the gate of the great prison. The elite sons of the land were confined there in chains. One way or another Seyran managed to slip a bit of news or a scrap of paper into the hands of the prisoners, and in return, she held a bit of precious news in the palm of her hand to carry it to the outside world which was to echo as far as the distant hills.

Thus the years passed. The great hearth of Boghe-ents was worn under the heels of secret wayfarers. Seyran's knees weakened from the trotting from the Prelacy to the prison. But the Tonir kept burning to the memory of the immortal dead, and each evening Seyran prayed before the caps of Boghe and Moso, for the success of her hero sons in the hills.

The home, which in the name of the great grandfather had for a hundred years been called the Boghe-ents Hearth, and where the bearers of the name from scion to scion kept stirring the smouldering ashes for the perpetuation of their home, now was called by many the Home of the Seyrans, lending a matriarchal prerogative to this dovout and self-denying woman who personified the power of the secret revolution in the steadily extinguishing hearth.

In 1904 the hills had become articulate and Dzovasar was speaking. The village world of Taron had been seized by a spiritual conflagration. David of Sassoun, standing on Dzir Gadar—the highest peak—was shouting in his voice of the shepherd:

Ho, ye slumberers, awake awake!

Those of you who are awake, on to arms. And the voice, traveling through the mists of Moush, surged in waves against the walls of hundreds of villages. The underground homes were trembling, the ghost of freedom was inflaming the souls, and the blood boiled in the veins of the peaceful tillers of the soil. The internal world of the Armenians was quaking.

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stall of his squatting buffalo more affectionately, and after scratching his ears, and with a hot tremor, caressed the door of the secret cache of his arms which opened before the animal's snout. The tiller oiled the yoke, although the fields were still covered with snow, and, profiting from the solitude, he broke the yoke into two parts, revealing his precious Mosin rifle, the light of his eye, to rub and to polish it.

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This was an entirely different thing. The life of the Armenian tiller was revolving outside the orbit of its axis.

The smoke of the cannon once again sent embankments of thick clouds over the tops of the hills. The criers of the fanatical Salavat—On to the holy war against the infidels—from the four corners of the world were assembled, and like a seven-headed monster, were roiling at the skirts of Taron. The eyes of the people were fixed on the snow-covered Dzir Gadar, weaving a thousand and one legends in thousands of souls.

The fiery call of Hrair the revolutionary leader, passing from hideout to hideout, descended from Dzovasar and parked in a dark stable in Moush.

Kor Hago wove a song from the call of Hrair which was instantly caught, and from lip to lip, was spread to a hundred villages and towns, covering the land like a forest fire.

He who is brave, what's he waiting for? The time is ripe, let him come foreward; This is the hour of war and death,

He who is fearless, let him come foreward. Man of iron, soul of the rock.

And the souls made of the rock, seized by the fever of the revolution, were trembling. To them, liberty and death weighed the same in the scales. The spirit of the bravest of the brave had risen. The call to arms had been set into motion by the secret peasant companies. Sworn youths were feverishly at work getting ready for the conflict. Arms and armour, moccasin and socks, gloves and headgears, their souls wrapped in their equipment, the youths were waiting for the order of the company commander, to pierce the snow toward Dzovasar.

The inner world of the Armenians was quaking.

That evening the dusk concealed a mystery in the streets of Arkavank. At some open doors women were standing like motionless shadows, seemingly their eyes fixed on a receding wayfarer.

The company of Arkavank was holding its last session in a barn snuggled in a corner of the vallage. That night seven volunteers were to be converted into men of iron and rocky spirits, and were to set out to join in the mortal combat. The village was sending its blood offerings to Dzovasar.

Kaleh was a young lad, ripened under the care of Seyran before the altar of the caps of Boghe and Moso. He had already enlisted in the ranks of the volunteers, and that evening, frightened by his secret troth, his soul was wavering between his mother and the road to the hills. Nevertheless, his blood was boiling in his heart and he was fearless of the bullet to the point of not batting an eyelash. He felt that nothing would stop him from traveling the road he had chosen, and yet his head hung low by the force of his thoughts, he arrived at the door of the barn where the company commander and his aide were keeping guard.

The company had made its decision without hesitation. The only candle of the Boghe-ents home could not be extinguished. They had scratched the name of Kaleh in the list of the volunteers.

"Kaleh, you go home. The company has decided that you shall not ascend the hill."

"Please, you cannot do this to me."

Kaleh could not finish his words. The

company commander cut him short curtly:
"It is the decree of the Revolution."

Kaleh was familiar with the strict discipline of the secret company. He hung his head low, swayed a little, wanted to say a last word, but felt that it was useless. And he returned home.

Seyran, kneeling before the hats of Boghe and Moso, was traveling in spirit through the deep, snowclad ravines to fetch bread and water to Fedayee posts where, she thought, she would find her two cubs still leaning on their rifles. And having opened wide her heart, she would press to her bosom those braves sunk in deep snow, and would kiss them on the forehead under the shower of bullets.

At that moment Seyran's soul, without any direct contact, and in the universal mood of self-denial, wanted to become reconciled with Kaleh's departure.

Kaleh's crestfallen return awakened the mother from her distant reveries. She rose to her feet and walked over to her confused, depressed only son. They looked at each other, weighted with their silent thoughts. The ray of light in Kaleh's eye was broken, his soul was crushed, and he hung his head in shame. He saw in the questioning look of his mother the sparkle of Boghe's and Moso's eyes, and he didn't have the courage to raise his eyes to their caps on the wall.

"Kaleh, my son, why did you come back so soon?"

Kaleh could not lift his eyes. The voice of Seyran was coming from the depths, steeped in the blue waves. It seemed it was the voice of his grandfather Boghe, ringing from the other world. He soul crisscrossed by abysmal depths, Seyran's vein still fluttered over this single flickering ray, but her being had long since been severed from her daily surroundings and had been attached to the idea of immortality which was eternal, and which filled

her affectionate heart. Faith had become a hardened reality in this woman who believed that Boghe and Moso were killed but they were not dead, and that their breath soared over the mountains where the braves flew like the swift eagle, firm as a rock.

Without repeating her word Seyran looked straight ino Kaleh's eyes. A desertion which would be a stain on this spotless home was troubling the heart of this mother. This Tonir room, anointed with the memory of Boghe and Moso, had become for Seyran more sacred than the temple of Gregory the Illuminator.

"They did not enlist me in the ranks of the self-deniers. It is the decision of the company, the decree of the Revolution," Kaleh murmured.

Seyran's eyes darkened yet a deep feeling of pride stirred in her heart for this brave son of hers. And this rejection, although given in a friendly spirit, Seyran considered as an insult to he home of Boghe-ents. The pity which had come from the comrades struck down a pillar from her heart. It seemed the house caved in over her head. The walls, the beams, the pillars made her feel the black pang, sharp and deep.

The hearth had to stand erect over the caps of Boghe and Moso.

She came close to her son, held him by the hand like a little school boy, and in a scarcely audible voice coming from her clenched teeth, she said,

"Come my son."

Silently, and with heavy hearts, the two walked through the dark streets and stopped at the door of the barn where the guard was waiting. Whispers in low voices could be heard from the inside so mysterious. Suddenly all was silent. But the guard pushed his head inside and said, "It is Seyran and Kaleh; there is no danger."

Seyran stepped inside with firm steps,

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always holding Kaleh by the hand (after all, no matter how grown up the lad is, he is still the mother's kid).

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She scanned them all with a motherly affection and the sacred covenant warmed her dried heart. There was a fervor in all eyes. The arms before them were shining. There was surprise in their faces. They were looking at one another.

The silence thickened with mystery in this obscure hideout. Seyran's lips constricted.

"How could you do such a thing to me?" she asked defiantly. "You are reducing the honor of the home of Boghe and Moso into dust. If this day a volunteer will not go forth from our home why do we keep on living then? you can't do this to me, you will wreck my home over my head."

They were all caught by the emotion. The feeling of self-denial shot a hot wave into the pit of their stomachs. A mother's supreme sacrifice was beyond their imagination. They knew Seyran to be a stubborn woman in many a secret dealing. Her voice was more decisive than the village company.

In vain the company commander arrayed his arguments, yet he could never say, "It is the decree of the Revolution." They all felt that the spirit of the revolution had come and built a nest in the heart of this mother—a heart which sheltered all those who were pining away in the mountains and the valleys for the covenant of freedom.

Seyran's heart was brimming over but her eyes were dry and her lips were stubbornly clamped.

"Kaleh, get ready," finally the company commander spoke imperiously.

And the company no longer haggled with Seyran.

That night the seven volunteers went through the ceremony of parting embraces, received the benediction of Seyran, and flung themselves into the cold of the snow like mountain goats.

The village was proud. The hearts were swollen with joy. And the song rang under the eaves of the rooftops blackened with soot:

Men of iron, souls of the rock,

Vengeance to the Turk.

The storm soared violently over the heights of Dzovasar. The Dzir Gadar was silent, standing erect like a monument. Under a rock Kaleh's body remained unburied. The sad news, together with the dark clouds, came and parked over the hearth of Boghe-ents home. The village curled up within itself and was horrified by the great grief which had come to extinguish the last spark of a centuries-old ancestral hearth.

Seyran closeted herself in her Tonir room. She listened to the visitors and held her silence. Chin in hand, she brooded and brooded and brooded. With a thin but deep grief she watched her two daughters-inlaw who swayed like shadows and smarted under the pain of Kaleh's loss which opened their old wounds. Seyran's heart was crushed by indescribable pains yet not a drop of tear could be squeezed from her eyes to lighten her heart. In the dark of the night, until morning, she talked to herself. She passed judgment, wept in her soul, dreamed, strayed over the mountains, bandaged the wounds, wiped the sweat and the blood of the fighters and the wounded, recovered her courage, and returned to her faith.

One morning her daughters-in-law saw Kaleh's cap hung by the side of the others, forming three little altars for the heart of this devoted mother.

Seyran again came out to wear out the road to the Prelacy and the prison. She was silent as a stone, her spirit firm like iron, with nothing green in it.

The onetime prosperous home of Boghe-

ents fell into decline. The plow fell into other hands and the neighbors now cultivated the Boghe-ents fields. The oxen were gone from their stalls, and only a few milking cows remained to wet the parched ancestral home.

The younger of her daughters-in-law could no longer bear all this and returned to her father's home. Seyran squeezed her heart, and with a nod of the head, gave her assent. But the departure of her daughter-in-law weighed like a millstone on her heart and the world collapsed before her eyes. This one worked like a wound and the Little Mother could not forget it until her death.

The older daughter-in-law clung to the shadow of Seyran, withered her youth inside the mournful walls, and together with her mother-in-law, burned and melted like wax candles before the altar of the three caps, comforted by the faith of immortality.

In the days of the persecution, the Fedayees in their fives and tens directed their feet to the home of Seyran, pushed open the door at midnight, and furtively slipped inside as they would do in front of a safe mountain cave. The memory of the three heroes, and especially the presence of Seyran, had converted the Bogheents home into a trusty fort of the revolution in which those who had renounced their lives from this world could sleep safely for one day, without any fear of the enemy.

The Fedayees would dry their drenched bodies on the ever burning Tonir while Seyran would be beside herself in her effort to lavish her affection on these brave sons whose dream and nostalgia claimed her time each night.

Under the serene and pale light of the flaxseed oil candle, when the weary Fedayees surrounded the Tonir to partake of some fresh bread or a bowl of soup, the

tragedy which had befallen this home would affect these stony men with sensitive hearts, and they would gather sufficient courage to ask Seyran:

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"How are you, Little Mother?"

And she would say, "May God keep you, may you stay alive!"

After this ardent and cordial reply her lips would tighten to restrain the surge in her heart, and raising her eyes to the hats on the wall, she would sigh deeply:

"May God keep them . . . May God keep you. May you stay alive."

A reverential religious silence would descend upon all.

The next day, a jug of Madzoon or a bundle of brush wood dangling from her back, Seyran would stagger to the Prelacy building to slip a secret letter into the hand of the secretary.

The year 1908 marked the proclamation of the Ottoman Constitution.

Liberty, Equality!

The revolutionary underground came to the surface. The Fedayees came down from the hills. Speeches, applause, universal enthusiasm! The fair weather revolutionaries were multipled. The loud word belonged to them. And the people, swept off by this new flood, rallied to the revolution in droves.

The hills were silent, and David of Sassoun set aside his lightning sword and returned to the life of the shepherd and the tiller.

When the volunteer fighters returned to their homes and started to push the plow in their parched fields the villagers all had registered as revolutionaries with their companies, company commanders, and their Gomidehs. While Ali, the executioner of yesterday, openly declaimed of freedom from the rostrum.

The world had been changed from its foundations and the Fedayee nodded his

head in disbelief, silently bowing to his plow which, in those festive days, was his sole comfort. He would return home cautiously from his field, scanning the roads, in keeping with the old custom of fugitive days. And when he returned home and heard the free word and the song, he would suddenly snap out of his meditations, reluctantly to become reconciled with the changed world.

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Only two of the volunteers from Arkavank had been able to save their flesh and bones to return to the village. They first went to the home of Seyran, saw the Little Mother, cheered her, then returned to their homes after many years of wandering. Thereafter, the Fedayees never appeared in front of Boghe-ents home in their arms. In vain Seyran pricked her ears toward the door at midnight when the dogs were barking. The string of the persecuted way-farers was cut off. No longer was the Tonir surrounded by the ever so worshipful sons of Seyran.

Field workers, company commanders, distinguished men came and went, they came in mounted companies, impressive and lordly. Freedom was ringing on the rooftops and long lines in Arkavank assembled under the walls of the church, bold and free. The barn was empty and no one set foot there thereafter where Seyran, all alone, knelt before the altar of the three caps.

Only the old Fedayees and some who had been released from prison, casual passers through Arkavank sought and found the threshold of Boghe-ents home to see the Little Mother once again. In its merriment the village forgot the Boghe-ents home, and the new revolutionaries, ignorant of the past, chased after the new life without noticing Seyran who, with such a fervent faith, was waiting for the travelers from Dzovasar.

The world had been changed from its

very foundations and the old home of Boghe-ents was slowly caving in over the head of Sevran. The revolutionaries of the old covenant no longer appeared on the horizon and a boundless void had been made in the heart of this devoted woman. The ten year old grief, so crushing, had come and struck the solid front of this mother which had established an altar of the faith under the sooty ceiling. In those rough days Seyran, together with her daughter-in-law, having forgotten her grief, had been living in this faith. And now that the wounds of the others were turning into scars and the old griefs were being forgotten, her wounds were opening anew and she was discouraged. The foundations of the faith were being shaken. The swaying Tonir room stood erect only through the worshipful memory of her three sons.

The Little Mother stubbornly clung to those memories and her eyes became watery from waiting for the immortals.

That Sunday Arkavank was abustle. The village had lost its lackadaisical listlessness. Men moved swiftly, the conversation was vigorous and lively, replacing the customary silence.

The Superintendent of the schools, for the first time being, was to visit Arkavank and this visit had a double meaning for the people who had heard that the new Superintendent is also the Founder and the Apostle of the Revolution, the model of self-sacrifice of the old days, the head of all the revolutionaries and the object of universal worship. The Superintendent had spanned the distant horizons to spread new light and spirit in the ancient shining cradle of Sahak and Mesrop.

And the village which waited for an unusual event once a year to explode from its silent motionless life, like the surging waters of a spring flood, seizing the rooftops and the lower streets, having formed colorful clusters, was breathlessly peering

in the direction of the road which led to the city. Only at this rare moment did the peasant forget his field, the plow and the sickle, so that soon after, after his curiosity had been satisfied, he could return to his daily life, quiet as the soil, patient as the oxen, a fatalistic finality stamped on his face.

The Apostle of the Revolution was coming to Arkavank!

The news which flashed like a fire to the remote corners of the village found its echo under the roof of Seyran only in its revolutionary character, the Superintendent of schools part being ignored. Each one in the village conceived this visit as a matter of curiosity. The priest and the deacons, the village chief and the school teacher wanted to meet him, to appear correct, in the hope of insuring a subsidy for their school. The village Gomideh and the company commanders wanted to meet the representative of the revolution in their full panoply. The comrades snuggled in their modesty cherished a faint hope of meeting a revolutionary Apostle of the old days, plain and unsophisticated, an ideal invincible leader. For the rest of the villagers the man who was coming was the Azkin Medze-the Head of the Nation, endowed with all the qualifications. To them, the word "Azk," (Nation) meant the Revolution.

The Superintendent had set out from the city. He passed through the villages on foot, leaning on a shepherd's staff. From his shoulder hung a leathern pouch which carried his notebooks and a piece of bread. His hoary beard and hair strewn to the wind, he passed through the flourishing fields. His broad forehead was bright and serene and a sweet engaging smile played on his face. A deep dreamy mystery shone in his flashing eyes. He opened up to his surroundings like a hot infectious breath which at once comprehended the soil and

the villager, the man and nature. A general air of devotion exuded from his sight as if he were an ancient hermit newly descended from the hills whose silence dripped with wisdom and goodness.

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The Superintendent had come from beautiful rich capitals, the metropolises of glory where the newspapers published in banner headlines the names of the orators, where the pedestals of ambition were lined up in the open circus, the sort of thing which the enthusiasm of the multitude confused with triumphal entries. Having voluntarily renounced all wordly pleasures, this hermit-apostle had always shunned the quest of glittering honors even as he shunned his shadow, and, the far away dreams in his eyes, his soul always troubled, he mingled with the hardy and silent multitudes and was infected by their deep running and immeasurable turbulances.

The founder of the revolution was filled with sadness at sight of this ambition crazed atmosphere, he confounded the megalomaniacs, showered lightning bolts over the heads of the unconscionables, became the moral terror to all the big shots, and for a moment his solid spirit was shaken by doubt.

Unable to stand longer these mad exhibitionisms, one day he left Istanbul and took the road to he land of Taron there to fraternize with the silent and hardened hearts, to taste the smell of the sweat of the workers, and to read the story of those nameless heroes whose names had been inscribed in blood on the soil and the rocks of that land.

There, where fifteen centuries had spoken to him from ruined fortresses, from the domes of the monasteries, from riven rocks, he found a silent and steely people leaning over the plow, but at times holding a light-hing sword, riddled with wounds yet brave, oppressed yet proud, unknown yet wise and self-denying. And he loved his faith

even for the revolution which he had founded with his own hand. The founder of the revolution found the true temple of his great accomplishment in that land and he approached with a sense of relief all those who had preserved the faith of the holy covenant in their souls.

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Day and night, the shepherd's staff in his hand, he toured the hills and the fields, heard and recorded the story of the crucifixion and the martyrdom of the believers of the past, acquainted himself with all the folds of the secret cause, made a list of the names of all those unknown soldiers of the revolution who walked through the darkness, illuminated only by the candle of their souls, became familiar and associated with those whom the newspapers had ignored, whose names had not been announced from the pulpit, but who, nevertheless, were the salt of the nation-the very men on whose shoulders stood the revolution's magnificent moral structure. The Apostle approached all these men, and like an old and familiar comrade-in-arms, spoke to them without any preliminaries, as if to continue a conversation which had been cut short years ago.

The pedestal of the great and the mighty crashed. The hot blast of a moral simoon scorched their faces. The sleep fled from the eyes of the prelates, the abbots and the distinguished men. And they were confounded by the whip of this so-called unofficial emissary who had come to purge the revolution's holy temple of the Pharisees and the Sadducees.

Filled with old memories and emotions, the Apostle that day had taken the road to Arkavank, and intoxicated by the vitalizing mystery of the fertile fields, he spoke to the teacher who accompanied him of the soil and the village and their future possibilities.

The Village of Arkavank lay stretched in open view. At the lower skirts, the road to the village, trembling like a long gray sheet in the open fields, terminated in the black piles of cow dung. The Superintendent stopped for a moment, surveyed his surroundings, and took a deep breath. A recollection, like an old dream, played in his pensive eyes. Some familiar, very familiar tragedy which was gone long since, now even more tangible, filled his heart. A deep silence fell upon them. And, like weary pilgrims, they approached the village.

The people of the village, in the order of seniority and official rank, were waiting there at the mouth of the road. There was a general flurry and questioning looks all around.

"Is it he? Is it not he?"

There was much hesitation, movement, and disillusionment.

The man was not mounted, nor was he accompanied by the customary stately retinue. All the same he seemed to be vested with a nameless dignity. For a moment the villagers pondered the simplicity of the hermits. Finally the village school teacher recognized the man.

"It is the Superintendent, it is he, it is he."

There was a rush to meet him—the village chief, the company commander, and the school teacher.

"Welcome, a thousand welcomes. Welcome to our village."

"Greetings."

And the people, following after him and those crowded on the rooftops, were still peering in the distance for the appearance of the mounted cavalcade.

"Come in, come in," the village big shots vie with one another in their fawning. The Superintendent, leaning on his cane, looks at them benignly. But he is deliberate.

"I want to visit the home of Seyranents."
"Of course, of course, Mr. Superintendent. Rest easy. We shall go there after-

wards."

The village and the Superintendent do not understand each other.

Two old Fedayees with holes in their moccasins and their chests covered with the dust of the plow eased their way toward the Superintendent. There was the old spark in their eyes and a moving joy on their faces. The spirit of the old, old days had been aroused in them by the memory of their lost friends.

"Let's go, Comrade Superintendent, let's go to Boghe-ents home. They were our old comrades-in-arms."

The Apostle accompanied them without a word. The village chiefs preserved the formal order of the procession and the villagers followed them with reverential dignity. The memories of the rough days trembled on the lips of the oldtimers. It seemed the village was just awakening from the intoxication of the Ottoman Constitution, broken in body and reflective.

One of the old comrades ran to the home of Seyran to bring the good news. Seyran was standing at the door, far from the crowd but with them in spirit, and, with a palpitating heart, was waiting for him who was coming from Dzovasar.

And lo from the lower quarters of the village advanced an obscure man, a kindly and articulate smile playing on his face bringing with him an old and familiar breath, and the village was following him swayingly. The image of Hrair flashed across the eyes of Seyran, the man who ten years before, on one of those bloody days, so apostolic, shod in moccasins, and with lively steps was climbing toward the prosperous home of Boghe-ents.

After long years of waiting and despair this visit of the Apostle blossomed like a miracle in the heart of Seyran. She was seeing the return of her worshipful freedom fighters, and together with them, the figures of her three young braves were

crowding the door of Bogh-ents home. Seyran forgot the bottomless grief of the years, the joy of having recovered her sons lost in the mountains sent a surge through her maternal dried veins, and the emotion, like a hot torrent, flooded her soul. Like a silent motionless statue she watched the traveler approaching her. Drop by drop, the tears were rolling down the eyes which had been dried for the past ten years, and the ensuing furrows parted in twain the smile of happiness which trembled on her pale face.

The Founder of the Revolution and Seyran met each other like old acquaintances and comrades in arms. The past had no veil for them and time stood still on the hand of the clock. They were silent but their souls were aflame with memories of the past.

"Parov Yegar, Vir im achkin yegar, ghourban kou yegadz jambin."

"Welcome to my home, welcome unto my eye, my life a sacrifice unto your welcome road."

Filled with an irrepressible emotion, the Superintendent could only make an affectionate gesture.

They settled down around the fover of the Tonir. The old revolutionaries who had come and gone had broken bread and salt around this Tonir of Boghe-ents home. The Superintendent watched with admiration Seyran's face which had registered an unutterable tragedy. The two old Fedayees, with the joy of little orphans who had just recovered their parents, were snuggled beside their Elder Comrade, almost under his wings, we might say, so intimate and tender. That day theirs was the psychology of conquering heroes, this was their day. The dignitaries of the village were lined up against the wall, silent and waiting. The Tonir room, mysterious as a prayer house. was speaking to all, it seemed, of a tragedy which was enshrined within these four walls.

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mi ali ke Tears flowed freely from the eyes of Seyran. She was silent, a pale smile of happiness playing on her serene face. The daughter-in-law stood beside the pillar, with her face sweet as the incense.

The Apostle was filled with a boundless sorrow. the tragedy of the Boghe-ents home and the faith of this sonless mother assumed a great magnitude in the eyes of the Apostle, the rigidity of the revolution with its entire weight loomed now before the founder of this inexorable movement, and in the face of this unutterable grief he found himself confused, unable to find a word of comfort which he could offer to a mother who, without falling down, had resisted the terrible storms like an oak tree. Helpless in the face of this bitter and tempestuous reality, he instinctively fell upon the customary courtesy:

"How are you, Little Mother?"

But the customary question which was made without the expectation of an answer sounded deep, far deeper than the heart of Seyran, and she, filled with affection and devotion, with a bright and pietic face, replied:

"Touk Voghch mnak . . . Enonk voghch mnan."

"May you stay alive . . . May they stay alive—May God keep you . . . May God keep them."

Seyran's hand and eyes were fixed on the

hats of Boghe, Moso and Kaleh, her face shining with the unction of a wondrous vision.

A shiver passed through the bodies of all the spectators.

The Apostle of the Revolution saw in this woman the embodiment of the great cause which he had founded. Reverently he looked at Seyran, looked at the temple of the immortals, bowed low, and deeply moved, kissed the Little Mother's hand.

The silence in the souls of the spectators had risen to stand in awe of the Holy Mass. The old revolutionary spirit was smouldering under the ceiling of Boghe-ents home with the aroma of the incense. And the winds, having taken a thousand wings, took this breath of the spirit and carried it to the distant villages and towns.

The idea of immortality having risen, once again roamed the land of Taron like a ghost.

That evening Seyran stood long in front of her home and peered in the direction of the hills. When dusk fell and thickened on the rooftops of Arkavank, she returned to the Tonir room and told her daughter-in-law that she had seen Boghe, Moso and Kaleh who, like chips of the rock, side by side, and fully armed, were passing over the cliffs of Dzovasar.

(Translated from Armenian by James G. Mandalian)

## A BRIEF STUDY OF THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE

### MARY CATHERINE BATESON

The Armenians have never exceeded a few millions in number, and have always lived under great environmental pressure, and yet they have succeeded in preserving their language and culture from the time when they first appear in recorded history. The most interesting aspect of this is that in spite of the strong cultural barriers against assimilation which this implies, the Armenian people have not been isolated, engaging in active trade in the Middle East, borrowing the best achievements of Muslim science as they developed in the Middle Ages, and turning to Europe to borrow all of Europe's most significant intellectual innovations, adapting them to the Armenian scene. The Armenians have continually turned inward with what they have acquired on the outside, enriching the Armenian culture. The Armenian language has been both a barrier against foreign influence, and a medium through which foreign elements have been adapted and been given an Armenian tone, and it is in this context that I have chosen to study it.

Before I go on, I would like to summarize here a few points which indicate the central role of language in Armenian culture, although each of these points will be discussed again later. The Armenian language, since it was first written down in the fifth century, has gone through successive periods of revival and long eras of quiescence during which it was strongly influenced by other languages and there was very little literary production. It has, however, repeatedly renewed itself, maintaining a close contact with the classical language, and has not split into mutually unintelligible dialects. There is a great volume of literature in Armenian in proportion to the number of speakers, and production continues to this day. The best etymological dictionary in existence for any language in the world is that written for Armenian by Hrachya Adjarian, working inside the Soviet Union. Individual Armenians know a very large number of languages, perhaps more than any other civilized nation, and yet they have preserved their own language for the expression of all that is dearest to them and most essential to Armenian life. the

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In the course of working on this paper I have had considerable trouble finding good source material, However, a knowledge of a people comes not through books but through a contact that people, and an opportunity to study them on an intuitive as well as a rational level. No additional number of pages of academic prose can convey the feeling of the Armenian people for its language, or the depths of national nostalgia which have been expressed in it. Only a knowledge of the national experience of the Armenian people will convey the kind of feelings which have been incorporated into the language and ultimately it is because of the association of certain words and phrases, developed in Armenian, with these experiences, that the Armenian turns to his language to express what is most essential to him.

### PART I:

### The History and Structure of Armenian

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The history of the Armenian language is a long and complicated one, and it is surprising, given the political history of the Armenian people, that in the long period since its divergence from Proto-Indo-European, the reconstructed ancestor of almost all European and Indian languages, it has not split into separate languages, or disappeared completely. Perhaps the most significant reason for this is that when the Armenian language was first put into writing, in the fifth century, it was in association with religion, and language and religion have continued to be the greatest barrier between the Armenian people and the surrounding population. Armenian culture puts a great premium on education, so that the written form of the language has been preserved and respected, although to varying extents, and in modern times has had a considerable influence on the pure vernacular through popular education. The original alliance of language and religion has led to a canonization of the literary language of the fifth century, so that during the periods of intellectual revival there has been a tendency to go back to the early sources, and even the modern, written form of the spoken vernacular has borrowed a great deal from the classical language.

I will discuss Armenian from a primarily historical point of view, but I will begin with a discussion of its relationship to Indo-European, through which I hope to give the main outlines of the structure of the language. This outline will serve as a background for my description of later developments, since I will only discuss those details of later forms which differed from the ancient language.

The Armenian language stands in significant isolation. It developed from an intimate contact between the Indo-European language of the migrating Armenians, and the non-Indo-European language of the semi-legendary people of Urartu, who were already settled between the Black Sea and the Caspian. Little is known of these people, and although many of the non-Indo-European features of Armenian are clearly from South Caucasic, others remain unidentified. It was only recognized as Indo-European in the 1830's, partly because of Iranian loan words, and not until the late nineteenth century did H. Hubschmann identify it as an independent branch of the family.

I will discuss separately the phonological, morphological and lexical relationship of Armenian and Indo-European. In all cases, my data is based on the only documented ancient dialect, that which became the classical language, whose ancient form was preserved. It is probable, however, that much of the following was true of other spoken dialects.

Perhaps the most significant factor in giving Armenian it present aspect of remoteness from the Indo-European source is the development, long before the recorded history of the language, of a strong accent on the penultimate syllable. <sup>1</sup> This differs from the phonemic stress of Indo-European, and since some Iranian loan words shows its results, it dates from a period when Armenian was already in situ, and is perhaps due to contact with South Caucasic languages. Because of this strong accent on the pen-ultimate, the final sylla-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Meillet, Esquisse D'une Grammaire Comparee de l'Armenien Classique, Vienna 1903, Mekhitarist Press.

ble was weakened, and either the whole syllable or the final vowel was lost, leaving a consonant which attached itself to the previous syllable. Thus, Armenian developed an accented final syllable (except for suffixed verb "to be" and some post-positions.) This also caused mutations in some vowels and dipthongs earlier in the word.

Certain other phonetic changes took place: some consonants shifted, Indo-European quantitative vowels were lost, and consonant clusters were replaced by open syllables, although the mutation of the final syllable created some new clusters. Consonant clusters continued to be impossible at the beginning of the word, although this is not indicated in the orthography. There was also a complicated change in the voiced and unvoiced stops and affricates, resulting in three parallel sets of consonants, as follows:<sup>2</sup>

NON-ASPIRATES

	Voiceless	Voiced
Dentals	/t/ yn	14/2
Gutterals	1K1 4	1917
Labials	1P1 4	16/8
Sibilants	1+4/8	1313
· Palatized	1+2/2	1418

VOICELESS ASPIRATES

On the basis of the later shift, in Western Armenian, between the voiced and voiceless non-aspirates, one can conclude that voicing is quite flexible, and aspiration is more significant. As classical Armpean

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In conclusion, we see that the phonological changes between Proto-Indo-European and Armenian can be traced to a few very simple processes. These resulted, however, in changes significant enough to make most common items unrecognizable, affecting the grammar as well. Armenian emerged with a phonetic system most unlike Indo-European, and similar in many ways to South Caucasic languages. These changes can probably be traced to the influence of the indigenous population.<sup>3</sup>

The morphology of Armenian is more recognizable Indo-European. There are four noun declensions in Armenian, and seven cases, nominative accusative, genitive, dative, locative, ablative and instrumental. Due to the loss of final syllables, Armenian has not preserved the original case endings of Indo-European, except where they were disyllabic; the general system is, however, very ancient, only the vocative being lost of all the Indo-European cases. None of the Indo European languages has been as conservative this in handling the noun except for the Slavic and Baltic languages. The nouns whose stem end in r/ or l/ (p or q) are less common, but are closer to the original, while the archaism of the family of nouns ending in /n/ (%) is unique. There are also several irregular nouns in r (4mgp father; fully, mother; hypurge brother) which are even more archaic, but these are an isolated hold-over.4 It is important, however, not to overemphasize the preservation of the Indo-European case system, since the South Caucasic languages have complex inflection which would tend to perpetuate it in Armenian. The uses of the cases seem to conform to Indo-Euro-

enian emerged, it had 30 consonants, 7 vowels and 8 dipthongs.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Meillet, op. cit., p.7;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Meillet, op. cit., p. 35.

<sup>4</sup> Meillet, op. cit., p. 51.

pean, but Armenian, like the indigenous languages, tended to use the genitive in certain instances where Indo-European employs the nominative. Gender is completely absent, as in S. Caucasic and Iranian. The dual has been lost, as in other Indo-European languages, and a completely unidentified element,  $k'(\varrho)$  introduced to indicate the plural. Throughout the noun system, various other elements stand out as unexplained, like the objective preposition z(q). The system had not yet adapted to the loss of finals, and had various anomalies, to be discussed later.

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Whereas Armenian inherited a relatively symmetrical system of noun declension from Proto-Indo-European, this was not the case with the verbs. The Indo-European verbs were so complicated that the simplifications developed by the diverging languages differed widely. There has been, however, a tendency to reduce the system to two stems per verb, having a present stem, from which the indicative present, the imperfect, the prohibitive imperative, the subjunctive and the infinitive are derived, and an aorist, from which come the indicative agrist, the positive imperative, the subjunctive aorist (which often acts as a future tense), and the past participle<sup>5</sup> The Indo-European perfect is gone, and there is no real future tense. Armenian, having developed an imperfect of its own, has adapted the old Indo-European imperfect as an agrist. I will not discuss the Armenian verb conjugations in detail, but it is worth remarking that the system, unlike the declensional system, was well developed, and, especially in the present indicative, shows an almost perfect parallelism in the conjugation of the different stems, with very few irregular verbs. There were various forms, especially in the subjunctive and the positive imperative, which cannot be explained by any reference to Indo-European. S. Caucasic influence appears in the tendency to use participial constructions.

Since classical Armenian had such a complicated inflectional system, word order was almost completely flexible, although certain conventions had already begun to develop, in relation to adjectives, whose form was somewhat ambivalent. In general, however, the sentence structure of Armenian was so like that of other ancient Indo-European languages that an almost word for word translation of Greek texts was possible.<sup>6</sup>

It is in vocabulary that Armenian seems most remote from Indo-European. Adjarian has indexed 10,000 Armenian roots, of which only 927 are verified as Indo-European, and the vast majority are unidentified.7 Many words of Indo-European origin appear only in neighboring languages, like Iranian, but in a few cases the reverse is true (un salt). Certain whole classes of words were borrowed, like words for the wife's family, but other family words, and most of the other really basic elements, come from Indo-European<sup>8</sup> Armenian has preserved great flexibility in the composition of words, but instead of using the stem, with the stem vowel, as the first member, it has generalized the use of the nominative-accusative with "a" (w) put in to avoid clusters. Partly because of this free composition, the lexical stock of Armenian falls into groups of prehistoric formations on a single root whose exact relation to each other is unclear. Foreign meanings

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Meillet, op. cit., p. 76.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Meillet, op. cit., p. 102
<sup>7</sup> Father Messerian, "The Philology of Hrachya Adjarian," Armenian Review, 26, p. 116.
<sup>8</sup> Kogy, Bishop H. S, "The Armenian Language as a Source of History," Armenian Review 16,

p. 56.

have frequently been superimposed on native words.

Iranian influence in pre-literate times was so great that it led the language to be considered an Iranian one. Armenians and Iranians lived side by side for hundreds of years, and the borrowings, which ceased almost completely at Armenia's conversion to Christianity, can generally be traced bevond Old Persian to a very archaic form of Pahlevi. Iranian overlords brought a great measure of sophistication, and left their mark on the names of kings and nobles, vocabulary relating to the chase, war, dress trade, coinage, art, and the Armenian names for surrounding peoples (Tajik, etc.). The borrowing was so extensive that in 400 B. C. Xenophon was able to use a Persian interpreter, and certain morphological features, such as the adjectival end-(-unlyurb) and zan (quib) ings-akan and the preposition ham-(4msf-), expressing mutuality,9 have been adopted, as well as one phoneme.10 These elements were completely assimilated, and are freely used in combination with native roots, unlike later loan-words from Turkish. It is worth noting here, that in spite of the proximity of Georgia and Armenia, there are only 54 lexical borrowings from that language.

In conclusion, we see that although Armenian had many features from Indo-European, especially in the declensional system, it had so developed that the relationship was almost imperceptible. Most of the lexical store is so foreign to Indo-European that we can almost regard Armenian as having developed from a jargon in which an Indo-European grammar was superimposed on a primarily non-Indo-European lexicon.

It is almost certain that at the end of the fourth century A. D. there were several dialects in Armenia. The geography of the country, as well as political divisions between different areas, would have tended toward diversity. Even in the writings of the Golden Age there are traces of dialectal variations, and elements in modern dialects which seem to be native, but cannot be traced to the particular dialect which became the literary language. There were also areas in which Armenian was not yet

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Before going on to the invention of the alphabet, when I will shift to an historical rather than a structural discussion, I would like to summarize the various elements of classical Armenian which were clearly in transition. Although Armenian was on the whole eloquent and flexible at the time of the translation of the Bible, and had reached, especially in the verb system, an unusual degree of regularity and parallelism, there are certain areas in which balance and simplicity were not reached except in later, uncannonized dialects. The declensional system had not yet adjusted to the loss of the final syllable, so that the plural declension was not parallel to the singular, and certain cases were only recognizable with particular stem vowels. The use of k' to indicate the plural came into conflict with the rule prohibiting consonant clusters. In addition, the whole system of adjective agreement, and the forms taken by nouns with numbers, was in a state of flux, and generally confusing and unaesthetic. Classical Armenian was in the middle of a transition from Indo-European, where adjectives agree in gender, number and case, and modern Armenian, where the adjective is invariable. These facts are important to bear in mind, because those who opposed the adoption of later dialects or modifications in classical grammar did so partly on the grounds of the greater "symmetry" and "aesthetic appeal" of the classical language.

Oonybeare, F. C., "Armenian Language and Literature" Encyclopedia Britanica, Vol. II, 11th Edit., Cambridge, England, p. 1910.
<sup>10</sup>Meillet, op. cit., p. 75.

dominant and the indigenous language was still spoken, just as there were areas where Christianity had not yet been fully accepted.11 Previous to the invention of the alphabet, there was a popular oral literature associated with paganism, (the songs of Goghten) of which almost nothing has survived, and various people had written in foreign languages or tried to adapt foreign alphabets for writing in Armenian, but the phonetic structure of Armenian made this difficult. Since the conversion, the need for a written language had been growing increasingly urgent. In 387 A.D. Armenia was divided between Persia and Byzantium, and the Sassanid rulers did their best to discourage Christianity, forbidding the use of Greek in their territories, lest this become a channel for Greek influence. The alternative language for religion, Syriac, was little known, and this left the native church with no language in which services could be conducted. There was also a need to strengthen the Armenian language in order to preserve national identity in the face of political division.

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This, then, is the background for the invention of the Armenian alphabet. At the turn of the century, Mesrob Mashtots, with Sahag the Parthian (the Catholicos), under the patronage of King Vramshabuh, were asked to find or invent an alphabet for the Armenian language. The linguistic work involved was evidently done by Mesrob, but Sahag worked with him in the great work of translation which was immediately begun, and the Armenian Church has cannonized both of them. In 406, Mesrob returned from long researches abroad with a translation of the Book of Proverbs, and a very accurate alphabet for Armenian. It is not clear whether Mesrob improved and added to a previously devised alphabet,

some say a purely consonantal one to which he added vowels, or whether he simply started from the model of the Greek and Syriac, but the alphabet which he finally submitted was a "un chef-d'oeuvre d'exacti tude phonetique."12 The alphabet had 36 letters arranged in the Greek order, with additional symbols interpolated. One vowel, / lul, / has no symbol of its own, and is indicated by the combination ..., probably on the model of the Greek digraph. Assuming that Mesrob took one of several dialects as the basis of the alphabet, it is likely that the one he adopted was the court dialect, which, in its written form, was called "gra-(4purpurn), (literary language,) and is the standard classical language on which the previous linguistic discussion is based. The dialect chosen and the alphabet proved very flexible, and translation of the Bible into grabar was so successful that it is called the "Queen of Translations." This began the Golden Age of Armenian literature, when the Bible was followed by the translation of numerous other works, especially theological ones. For these theological writings, a good many Syriac and Greek words were borrowed.

The success of the translators of the fifth century was to have great consequences for the later development of the language. Within a space of fifty years, a large body of translated work, with a few original works, grew up in one of the ancient Armenian dialects, giving it tremendous prestige as the language of culture and religion, in addition to that which it had probably already had as the language of the court. There was no period of experimentation in literary, classical Armenian, and no documentation of development over a period of time. The first work to be put into grabar, the Bible, remains its greatest creation. For

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>11</sup> Thorossian, H., Histoire de la Litterature Armenienne, Paris, 1951, p. 191.

<sup>12</sup> Meillet and Cohen, Les Langues du Monde, Paris, 1924.

these reasons, the ideal of grabar was frozen, and there was no possibility of real development of this initial literary language, and any elements from other "vulgar" dialects which managed to enter grabar, or any development of grabar itself, were regarded as corruptions. So we see what is considered the Golden Age of Armenian letters ending half a century after its inception, 18 as "vulgar" elements were introduced into grabar, and the style and vocabulary were "distorted."

I think that the first period of decadence of classical Armenian had two basic causes. First, I suspect that the condemnation of many works from the second half of the fifth century is one introduced by later critics, in whose eyes grabar was completely set. It could not have been clear immediately that grabar was not to develop, or that it was to be limited to one single dialect-after all, the alphabet of Mesrob Mashtots was a phonetic one, suited to transcribe other dialects without great changes; although legend made the letters themselves divine, saying that they had been given in a dream, the grammar had no such sanction. The tendency to borrow more and more from Greek (the Hellenistic Period, 500-600), was more easily condemned, on a national basis, especially as Armenia became more and more alienated from Byzantium, and Armenian had only begun to borrow from Greek since the conversion. The second cause was the series of political disasters which followed, and the oppression by Persians, Arab Muslims, and then Seljuk Turkish Muslims. This political pressure tended to produce a much lower intellectual standard, a cessation in study and inspired writing, so that any new development in the literary language was retarded, and innovations proved unproductive. In addition to this, all of Armenia's

political misfortunes were at the hands of non-Christians, and the result was that the alliance of language and religion became very important, and the language in which the Bible and liturgy had been translated became even more sacred. An example of this crystallization of grabar is that after the conversion to Christianity there were no more borrowings from Iranian; it was then that the language assumed its role as one of Armenia's best defenses against foreign cultural pressure. Therefore, all innovations fell into disrepute, and since there was no time to really study the classical traditions in order to conform to them -in fact little opportunity for any sort of creative work-the literature went into its first great period of decadence, which was to last until the twelfth century. This also left a relatively small and isolated body of source material for anyone who wanted to write the language correctly-the production of fifty years-within which morphology and syntax were relatively uniform. providing a rigid standard, which was left far behind by changes induced in the vernacular by the violent upheavals of the period. By the eleventh or twelfth century, the gap between grabar and the spoken dialects was so great that grabar was virtually incomprehensible to the common people,14 although I think we may assume that though grabar was originally one of several dialects, these were close enough so that it was probably almost universally understood.

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While conditions in Armenia proper became more and more difficult, some Armenian princes were consolidating their position to the West, in Cilicia, and this led to the founding of a new Armenian state, under the Roubenian dynasty, which lasted from the eleventh century until its conquest by Egyptian mamluks in the fourteenth

<sup>18</sup> Thorossian, op. cit., p. 79.

<sup>14</sup> Thorossian, op. cit., p. 192.

century. Here we find a new period of productivity, which coincided with the attainment of political autonomy and almost complete independence, and a new era of vital influences from abroad, brought by merchants and missionaries. Since the spheres of grabar and the vulgar (աշխարհարտո - ashkharhadialects. bar, the language of the world) were now completely separate, grabar being generally incomprehensible, a new written form was needed by the government. One of the many colloquial dialects (all classed together as ashkharhabar), that in use by the nobility and the new court, was adapted for written use, and this is the form of the language called Middle Armenian. Middle Armenian was probably descended from that colloquial dialect which had been used for grabar, since that was the language of the aristocracy, but its spoken usage had already diverged considerably. Middle Armenian is also much more closely related to the modern Armenian dialects of the West than it is to the Eastern dialects, but during the modern revival, when colloquial was again adapted for literary use, the tendency was to go back to grabar rather than looking for needed forms and vocabulary items in this intermediate language. Middle Armenian was also radically separated from modern Western dialects by the radical changes due to Turkish influence, most of which took place after the fall of the Cilician state, and it is these changes which constitute the major difference between Eastern and Western Armenian.

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The development of Middle Armenian was very limited, since it was primarily a language used for practical matters: court affairs, law, agriculture, crafts, medicine and astrology, much of which was borrowed from the Arabs. There was also a certain limited literary production in the language, limited mainly to proverbs, chronicles, and

popular fables and poetry. Since the language was not regarded as having any great literary merit in itself, it was never standardized, and varied widley in the hands of different authors, who also tended to shift their style from passage to passage, depending on their degree of dependence on grabar. There were also few inhibitions about borrowing foreign words, many of which came in from Arabic scientific writing, and the influence of European traders and crusaders who passed through the Cilician court. During this period, Catholic missionaries gained a foothold for the Latin faith among Armenians, and brought in many borrowed ecclesiastical terms. In general, their influence on both Middle Armenian and grabar was very productive.

There was also a great revival of grabar during this period, known as the Silver Age, and, by traditional standards, some writers of this period regained fully the original purity of the language. The Golden Age was by now far enough away so that the standards of grabar were quite set and rigid, and since ashkharhabar had developed into a separate written language, with a sphere of its own, there was little question of vulgar influence, and writers relied directly on the works of the fifth century. Grabar also had a set function, separate from the functions of Middle Armenian. and was used primarily for religious and historical works. Some writers used both for different purposes, like Nerses the Gracious, who used ashkharhabar for his "Proverbs," and grabar for his "Endhanrakan," an encyclical addressed to the population.

Again, however, style is considered to have deteriorated, perhaps because of new tendencies to blend the two forms, since few people studied classical well enough to reproduce it. The Silver Age is considered to have lasted only a hundred years, from 1100 to 1200. While the classical language was progressively declining, the use

of Middle Armenian was ended when the Cilician state fell, ending Armenian independence for a long time to come. The centuries which followed were disastrous for Armenians, as Seljuks and Mongols devastated Armenian territory, which was then crossed and recrossed by Ottoman and Persian armies in their conflicts with each other. Many Armenians were forced to migrate, founding colonies in the Middle East, Eastern Europe and even India. During this period there was very little literary production in grabar, while the colloquial dialects were subject to devastating foreign influences, flooding them with foreign words, and increasing the differences between different areas.

This brings us up to the modern period, which I will discuss from several different points of view. First I will describe the development of ashkharhabar up to World War I, considering the different groups of modern vernaculars distinguished by H. Adjarian in his Classification des Dialectes Armeniens, and the general changes from grabar to ashkharhabar. Then I will describe very briefly the linguistic features of the development of two modern literary dialects and the effects on Armenian of the political events of the last half century.

On the whole, the colloquial modifications of Armenian morphology have tended toward greater symmetry and simplicity. The declension of nouns, which, as pointed out earlier, was in a state of flux when grabar crystallized, has been greatly simplified, so that there is now only one regular stem and four cases, nominative, genitive, ablative and instrumental, and the accusative and dative are variously absorbed by nominative and genitive. The locative is preserved only in the East. Two new plural suffixes have developed, one for use with

monosyllables, and the other with polysyllables, eliminating the difficult clusters produced by the classical k', and the definite article has been developed and generalized. Prepositions have been virtually eliminated, using only post-positions, and the position before the noun is reserved for the adjective, which is now invariable, and always stands before the noun, completing the development begun before the classical period. One of the four original verb conjugations has been suppressed, and of the old tenses, only the indicative aorist and the positive imperative have kept their old forms; different ways of forming the present indicative and the imperfect characterize the various dialects (see below). There has been a general tendency to generate new composed forms like the negation or the modern future tense.17 It must be remarked, however, that morphological change has been irregular, and has left a good many exceptions and irregular forms "out in the cold."

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Phonetic changes have varied from dialect to dialect, and only a few can be listed as characteristic of the whole shaft. All the dipthongs of Ancient Armenian were reduced to simple vowels or vowel plus consonant, and several new vowels introduced in their place, including /o,/ a new letter added to the alphabet. The distinction between e (t) and e (t) has been lost except in the initial position (although in a few dialects they have been reversed). /r/ has shifted within the word, /n/ has appeared in the last syllable of words, after a vowel preceded by a nasal, (1) has shifted in pronunciation, and a new phoneme, /f,/ introduced.18 There were various inversions and alterations, as well as syllables lost,

The vocabulary change has been great,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>15</sup> Adjarian, Classification des Dialectes Armeniens, Paris, 1909, p. 5.

<sup>16</sup> Cirbied, Grammaire dela Langue Armenienne, Paris, 1823, p. 743.

<sup>17</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 8. 18 Adjarian, op. cit., p. 4.

as words became obsolete, new ones were created, and various phonetic laws operated on old ones, in addition to seemingly erratic changes.19 Neighboring languages have had a tremendous lexical influence, especially Turkish which affected both East and West, and Kurdish, Russian, Italian, etc. Adjarian lists 4200 Turkish words which were accepted usage in Western dialects, and in some areas what was spoken was a jargon, Turkish vocabulary combined with Armenian grammar. On the whole, however, nouns and adverbs were borrowed more than other parts of speech, and few combinations were made linking Armenian and Turkish elements to form new words.

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In the realm of syntax, word order, which was flexible in grabar, is fixed in the modern dialects, almost completely adopting the word order of Turkish.20

Modern Armenian dialects are usually divided in two groups, those spoken in Turkey, called Western or "Turkish" Armenian, and those spoken in "Russian" Armenia, in the Armenian colonies in Eastern Europe, and in India. Adjarian21 opposes this distinction on the grounds that it is a geographical distortion, since there are groups in Turkey speaking "Eastern" Armenian, and vice versa. He proposed that the groups be distinguished by their methods of forming the indicative present and imperfect. "Western" Armenian is characterized by some form of the go prefix (4e) which was later used in writing in the West, and appears with various different vowels and sometimes with a /k/ instead of a /g/, and which sometimes appears after the stem, rather than before, as in the dialect of Erzeroum. These dialects completely lack the locative. Adjarian lists twenty-one dialects which belong to this group. The second branch, including most Persian dialects, generally called "Eastern," is characterized by forming the present indicative and imperfect with a composed form, attaching -um (-med) to the stem, and expressing person and tense with the auxiliary verb "to be." Here, the locative is preserved, and it also ends in -um. Adjarian lists seven dialects as belonging to this group. In addition to these two major groups, there is a third which although Adjarian prefers to consider it separately, is usually included with the "Eastern" dialects. This group follows a procedure similar to that of the group in -um except that the auxiliary verb to be used with the infinitive formed in -el; this group only includes three dialects, none of which has been the basis for a literary language, and none of which has any great importance. This group has no locative.22 The rest of the morphology is more or less parallel, except that some of the dialects in -um have a new way of forming the ablative (-/-d). Different dialects have individual variations in grammar.

There are considerable phonological differences between the dialects. The voiceless aspirates have been preserved throughout, but the voiced and voiceless non-aspirates have shifted widely, changing places; this shift is only roughly parallel to the differences in verb conjugation. In some areas, the voiced non-aspirates are pronounced as voiced aspirates. The Western" dialects have tended to lose the vowel/a/ (\*\*\*) except in the first or last syllables. Armenians in different areas have been subject to the influences of very different foreign languages, and have had to learn one or often more than one of these languages for day-to-day contact with their neighbors, and this shows up in differences

<sup>19</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 6.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>20</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 8. <sup>21</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 13.

<sup>22</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., pp. 13-14.

in pronunciation, and the representation of different languages in borrowed vocabulary. In the city of Constantinople, more than half of the vocabulary was borrowed, whereas there were more isolated areas which preserved a greater resemblance to the ancient language. In general, the "Eastern" dialects preserved greater resemblances to grabar.

From the beginning of the thirteenth century to the eighteenth century, more than five hundred years, the Armenian language was in eclipse, as were the political fortunes of the Armenian people. There was virtually no literary production and and little contact with foreign ideas which might have been stimulating. Although grabar was preserved in the liturgy, it was incomprehensible to most of the population, and little was written in it except official church documents, while Middle Armenian had fallen into disuse. There were a few sporadic attempts to write spoken Armenian, but there was no standard language, and in general, the spoken language was too full of foreign borrowing to be acceptable as a vehicle for literary expression; the vernacular was regarded as a distortion of an idealized grabar.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there was a renaissance of the Armenian language. First the dialect of Constantinople, in the West, was adopted as a literary language, and then shortly after, an Eastern literary language began to develop, based at first on the dialect of Astrakhan and then on that of Erivan.<sup>23</sup> In the west, Constantinople was the seat of literary activity, with subsidiary centers in Smyrna and Venice, where the Constantinople dialect was used, whereas in the East, Tiflis was the center. These new dialects developed under the impact of dynamic new ideas from Europe, which

roused the Armenian national feeling as the Armenian people developed a secular, political leadership emphasizing the popular, as opposed to the religious, language as an important aspect of that revival. Armenian Catholics, of the Mekhitarist order, most of them from Constantinople, took the lead in spreading education among Armenians, founding schools throughout the areas populated by Armenians, and monasteries in Venice and Vienna dedicated to the study of Armenian letters. As in the Middle Armenian revival, both grabar and ashkharhabar were given great impetus, and the monks prepared grammars and dictionaries of both, but the spread of popular education in ashkharhabar made its revival by far the most important. Protestant missionaries also translated the Bible, etc., into the vernacular. As in the period immediately following the invention of the alphabet, new intellectual worlds were opened up to the Armenians, and again, the new ideas were translated into Armenian and given an Armenian character. Newspapers and journals were founded, and a popular stage developed. There was considerable conflict between advocates of grabar and ashkharhabar but the victory of ashkharhabar was virtually assured.

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The two dialects of modern literary Armenian represent a compromise between the classical language and the vulgar dialects. Two main principles seem to have been followed, one, the elimination of foreign, especially Turkish words, which were replaced by new compositions on European patterns, archaic borrowings from grabar, or borrowings from dialects, and two, the restoration of word forms which would be in harmony with the orthography. The grammar of the vernacular was more or less preserved, as were cases where the value of a letter or group of letters had shifted completely, but where letters had been lost, or syllables inverted, they tended

<sup>28</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 34.

to be restored to the classical forms so that there is almost no spelling difference between modern and grabar.<sup>24</sup> Oriental literary Armenian has the classical system of stops and and affricates, but in the West, the voiced non-aspirates are pronounced as voiceless aspirates, and the non-aspirated voiceless consonants are voiced, so that there are only two really distinct groups, rather than three, although some speakers preserve or have revived a slight distinction. The dipthongs of classical Armenian have been restored, with some modification.

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The creation of modern literary languages was very difficult work, and had met with great success by the beginning of this century, so that a great body of poetry and prose had been composed in the new dialects, and the proportion of literates had risen greatly. Political events since that time have tended, first, to decrease the number of spoken dialects, and bring them ever closer to the literary languages, and second, to increase the differences between Eastern and Western Armenian. Whereas I have discussed the vernaculars as they existed when Adjarian wrote about them in 1909, the Turkish attempt to wipe out the Armenian people in World War I was strong enough to wipe out whole dialects. The massacres, the establishment of the short-lived Armenian Republic, and contact with other nationalist movements in the Near East have spread national consciousness even further than previously, and literacy, in the modern literary language, has increased greatly. In the Soviet Union, although large numbers of technical terms have been introduced into Armenian from Russian, and more and more Armenians have learned Russian as an essential second language, the Armenian language has been preserved, and here too, increasing literacy has led to greater standardization. It is increasingly possible to divide the approximately three million Armenian-speakers in the world today, into two relatively homogeneous groups, and although many people feel that Western Armenian is dying, it seems to be holding its own in the literature of the diaspora.

#### SECTION II: The Role of Language In Armenian Culture

In 301 A.D., the Armenian nation was officially proclaimed Christian, due to the efforts of Gregory the Illuminator. In 406 A. D., Mesrob Mashtots returned to Armenia with a written translation of the Book of Proverbs. These two events, and the character and geographical position of the Armenian people, have had the effect of preserving it as a separate nation to this day, in spite of tremendous environmental pressures on both languages and religion, and centuries of diaspora and lack of political independence. It has been said of the invention of the alphabet, and its relationship to the church and to the Armenian nationality:

Cette operation purement litteraire en apparence, eut pour resultat de separer a jamais les
Armeniens des autres nations de l'Orient, d'en
faire un peuple distinct et de les effermir dans
la religion chretienne, en proscrivant ou en
rendant profane l'usage de tous les caracteres
alphabetiques etrangers repandus dans le pays
et destines a transcrire les line des idolatres . . .
c'est a l'execution de cette entreprise que nous
devons la conservation de la langue et de la
litterature des Armeniens. Il est probable que,
sans la decouverte de l'alphabet, ce peuple
n'aurait pas tarde a se confondre avec les Perses ou les Syriens et a disparaitre entierement
comme tant d'autres nations de l'ancienne Asie.25

<sup>24</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 5.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>25</sup> Lebeau, Histoire du Bas-Empire, Vol. V Paris, 1826, pg. 320.

On the other hand, the introduction of Christianity and the invention of an alphabet led to the loss of indigenous culture, and of numerous cultural elements which had been borrowed from the Persians. Gregory the Illuminator was responsible for the destruction of every pagan temple, the smashing of hundreds of idols. The oral literature associated with paganism (the Songs of Goghten) was condemned, and only a few lines are preserved in a chronicle; the alphabet was so clearly in association with Christianity that it was unthinkable to use it as a vehicle of the pre-Christian culture.

These considerations are very important for an understanding of the role played by the Armenian language in preserving the Armenian nation. Christianity had destroyed much of what preceded it, and the alphabet, in turn, made Christianity really Armenian. The alliance was firmly cemented by the immediate production of a body of literature which has caused this period to be called the Golden Age, even in the face of Sassanid persecution.

It is interesting that during this period of linguistic growth, borrowing from Persian ceased completely, although it had been so great before the conversion that, in addition to vocabulary, morphological elements had been assimilated, and even one phoneme. Prior to the conversion, in the state of linguistic flux and multilingualism which characterized the Near East, Armenian had borrowed freely from its more sophisticated neighbors, but now language was to be used as a barrier against them. The translation of the Bible and other theological works was also significant, as it cut the Armenian church off from the churches in Syria and Byzantium. Except for a brief period of almost slavish borrowing and translation from Greek, the Armenian church has maintained its autonomy, and has stayed separate from both Greece and Rome, as it still does today.

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This is the first appearance of a pattern which was to repeat itself during all the most dynamic periods of Armenian development. Elements are borrowed from abroad, and then, primarily through the use of language, they are made completely Armenian. Almost all the literature of the Golden Age was translated, and in a sense it seems strange that a people should regard a group of translations as the peak of the national literary production. And yet, in translating these works, they have been made peculiarly Armenian, so that the Armenian translation of the Bible is called the "Queen of Translations," something which is considered to have a virtue of its own which separates it from the thousands of other translations of that same Book. Whether or not this is uniquely true, it is certain that in becoming Christians, Armenians have developed a distinctly national form of Christianity, have, so to speak, made Christianity their own.

On the other hand, as I discussed in greater detail in Section I, the great productivity of the language, immediately after it was first written down, without a period of experimentation, as well as its almost sacred character as the language of the Armenian Bible, caused a very early crystalization of the language, and there was a growing gap between the written form, grabar, and the vernacular dialects, ashkharhabar. By the eleventh century, most of the population could no longer understand grabar, and although religious feeling remained very immediate, in the face of Muslim pressures, the classical language no longer had a dynamic role except for a select few, educated men of the church, and even these had decreased as campaigns and persecutions in Armenian territory slowed down all creative activity. It seems very ironic that, by virtue of its great initial success in meeting the needs of the Armenian people, the language was cut off and isolated from popular use and comprehension. In this situation of diglossia, the language spoken by the population was regarded as a corruption.

This situation prevailed, except for the brief period of Armenian independence in Cilicia, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Grabar became more and more remote, and more and more ineffectual as a cultural barrier in terms of day to day contacts with outsiders and strangers, while the dialects which were popularly spoken were regarded as so inferior that they lost much of their efficacy in maintaining linguistic integrity. They were regarded as already so corrupt that there was little resistance to borrowing foreign words, and these flooded the vocabulary. On the other hand, although the language was not preserved intact, it was still an important factor in maintaining the Armenians as a separate community. The dialects were extremely corrupted but it is significant that the language was maintained even to the extent that it was, and did not disappear completely or split into mutually unintelligible branches partly because of continued exchange and sense of community between different areas. The colloquial dialects remained as witnesses of the conquest and oppression of the Armenian people, and yet remained reminders of their Armenianness, and were preserved with love even in their most mutilated form, and even by Armenians who were most fluent in Turkish, French or Arabic.

The new language, deprived of purity, mixed with alien elements, accents and words—would cry out in ringing tones, "The land of Armenia is in ruins, the Armenian people is scattered to the four winds, there has been a terrific dislocation, a volcano has erupted spreading death

and ruin" . . . foreign names and words . . . are linguistic monuments of barbaric atrocities on the Armenian race.<sup>26</sup>

There were, however, a considerable number of Armenians who succumbed almost completely to foreign linguistic pressures. The description of linguistic assimilation found below is based on Adjarian's Classification des Dialectes Arméniens<sup>27</sup> which was published in 1909 since which time the Armenian people have gone through some of the most dramatic and tragic events of their history, but unfortunately, I have no more recent source available. I will summarize his description, and then list a few conjectures about changes which have since taken place:

Turkish had been adopted by whole communities in Western Asia Minor, in Cillicia, by Lake Ourmia, some villages east of Trebizond, four villages west of Akhalk'alak, in Bessarabia, and in the old Armenian colony in Bulgaria (the more recent colony having revived the use of Armenian).

Georgian was spoken at that time by all the Armenians in Georgia except for those who lived in Tiflis, which was a major Armenian cultural center. Also in Vladikavkaz, a colony of Armenians who migrated from Georgia. Persian was being used in three Armenian towns in Persia, Circassian in Armavir, a village near Stravropol, Kurdish in six Armenian villages in Cilicia. Arabic was spoken by Armenians in the cities of Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine, where there was contact with Arabic speakers. The European colonies, which were quite small, were in general unsuccessful in preserving their language: the whole Rumanian colony, all the Armenians

<sup>26</sup>Bishop Kogy, The Armenian Review, 16, pg. 51

<sup>27</sup> Adjarian, op. cit., p. 12.

in Austrian Poland, and a large part of the Hungarian colony had assimilated linguistically. Armenians in India had adopted English, as had many in the United States. In many other places, small groups and individual families had assimilated.

We can conjecture that since that time, the number of Armenians speaking Turkish, Kurdish, and Circassian has decreased greatly, since these groups lived in areas where most of the Armenian population was murdered or dislocated in the massacres and forced marches during World War I, at the hands of Turks. Many of those Turkish speaking Armenians who did survive have made a deliberate effort to stop speaking Turkish, and, at any rate, are scattered in various parts of the world and are no longer in contact with Turkish speakers. The number of Georgian speakers has also probably decreased, since a small number of Armenians living in Georgia migrated to Armenia when the short-lived independent Armenian Republic was established after the fall of the Ancient Regime in Russia. On the other hand, the number of speakers of Arabic and English will have increased greatly, as many refugees from Turkey found themselves in Syria and Palestine or in the United States, the countries most likely to induce linguistic assimilation. Russian has also become a major language of assimilation since the Soviet take-over of Armenia.

There are whole Armenian villages which have been Islamicized, and yet have continued to use the Armenian language, and on the other hand many of those groups which have lost the Armenian language have remained in the Armenian church, and continued to live in the predominantly Armenian communities, although the whole Polish Armenian colony was converted to Catholicism centuries ago.<sup>28</sup> In cases where the Armenian church remains, the liturgy maintains contact with the Armenian lang-

uage, and there is often a feeling of guilt at the abandonment of Armenian. A linguistic device, the suffix -ian which appears on all Armenian names to this day, was generalized after the fall of the Armenian kingdom. This device, which was limited to the nobility in ancient times, serves to identify Armenians wherever they are, and is a sort of "linguistic means of self-defense against the Turkish influence."29 It is worth noting, especially in the case of Arabic, that many Armenians who assimilated linguistically speak a recognizably Christian, or even Armenian, form of the language, because they continued to live in separate communities.

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The beginning of the modern revival came, as is discussed in Section I, primarily as a result of the dedicated work of Armenian Catholic Mekhitarist monks. The development of this order is another example of how, over and over. Armenians have borrowed elements from abroad and adapted them to fit the Armenian community, turning them inwards and giving them a peculiarly Armenian character. This was the case with the order founded by the Abbot Mekhitar, for although it acknowledges the Roman Church and has its headquarters in Italy, and has contributed important churchmen like Cardinal Aghajanian, it has directed most of its energies to a revival of learning among both Catholic and Armenian Orthodox Armenians in the Near East and Europe, intending that learning as a basis for a new and strengthened sense of national identity. The Abbot Mekhitar began his work in Constantinople, and then moved to Venice in 1717. His first task was a revival of interest in the classical language, grabar, and his dictionary was the first real dictionary of that language. 30 He realized, however, that grabar was no

<sup>28</sup> Ibid.

<sup>29</sup> Kogy, op. cit., p. 51.

longer sufficiently immediate to be the vehicle of a national revival, and he was the first to write in what was to become the modern literary language, and wrote a grammar of that language. It was he who chose the dialect of Asia Minor to serve as a basis; he himself was from Constantinople, as were most of the monks, and Smyrna, which was the intellectual center of most importance after Constantinople. They placed great emphasis on language as a basis for patriotism, and one of their first steps was to found Armenian schools in Eastern Europe, especially in the Hungarian colony where there was much linguistic assimilation, in the second half of the eighteenth century. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, a real revival of pure grabar was on its way, and the Mekhitarist press was publishing material in and about that language.

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Two famous colleges were founded, the Raphaelian College in Venice, 1836, and the Mouradian College in Padua, 1839, by two rich members of a family, and one of them expressed to his sons, then at school, his attitude toward the role of the Armenian language:

My sons, I repeat and I warn you that you are of Armenian stock, and never shall you forget your language, for, by law of nature and of good studies, every man must love his country and give a contribution to its progress.31

The following is a statement of purpose in a brochure asking for contributions from the American Armenian community to support the Mekhitarist Schools:

The love of the traditions of our ancestors, the memories of our national life, the Armenian classical literature and a profound knowledge of the language are the conditions requisite for the perfecting in the young Armenian of that intimate consciousness which united him to the national spirit wherever he may go and under whatever conditions he may have to struggle, he remains always an Armenian (sic).82

To this day, the Mekhitarists have one of the best Armenian libraries in the world. and continue their work of educating young Armenians, and restoring those who, especially after the displacement of the first World War, have been brought up as speakers of other languages.

None of this activity would have been sufficient for the creation of a modern literary language, however, had it not been for the activity of the lay intelligentsia, many of whom were originally educated in Mekhitarist institutions. Because of the social position of the Armenian millet (national, religious community) in the Ottoman Empire, grabar could not have been the vehicle of their activity. Whatever scant representation the Armenian people had with the Turkish Sultan was through their patriarch and through a sort of national parliament in Constantinople which was established in the nineteenth century. The Porte often had a great deal of influence on the choice of patriarch, and both the high officials of the church and the rich Armenian merchants of Constantinople were careful not to aggravate their Turkish patrons. Thus, these merchants were protected by the Porte and held most of the financial power of the empire in their hands, meanwhile tactfully ignoring the situation in the interior where their countrymen were subject to constant plundering at the hands of Kurds, Turks and Arabs. By the association of the church with this selfish oligarchy, the language of the church, grabar, began to be associated, if not with collaboration with the Turks, at least with toleration of the status quo. Whether this

<sup>30</sup> Thorossian, op. cit. 21 Edward Raphael, 1800, quoted in (The Col-leges of the Mekbitarist Fathers of Venice and their Work, Venice, 1956) (underling my own).

<sup>32</sup> The Mekbitarist Fathers p. 74

was so in the eyes of the great mass of Armenian peasants is doubtful, for they retained ther devotion to the church as the symbol of their whole national life and had become resigned to the Turkish policy of "blood-letting," but the developing intelligentsia were violently opposed to this betrayal. Both under the influence of European thought, and as a result of their perception of this situation, a large part of this early intelligentsia was anti-religious. They demanded new channels for the development of the Armenian nation, both through cultural development and through political action. In an atmosphere of tremendous intellectual excitement, they forged ashkharhabar into a modern literary language, and they awakened in the Armenian people the strength to resist the persecutions which they had endured for so long. They had a violent hatred for the Turk, and felt that it was to the Armenian peasantry that they should turn, and this is why they chose to take the language of the masses and worked to purify it of the hundreds of Turkish words and idioms which had infiltrated it. This was the first time, since the loss of independence, that the Armenian nation had had a secular leadership, and in the formation of modern literary Armenian, the old alliance of church and language, as guardians of Armenian culture, was broken, because the church had not been adequate. Unfortunately, the revolutionary organizations were greatly weakened by this atheism, and it is only in the last twenty years that this separation has decreased.

As will be discussed later, Armenian has great word-building potential, and these young intellectuals invented many words, each one carrying around his own homemade dictionary, which he cherished, and to which he added new words as he encountered them in the work of his contemporaries. Other words were revived from

ancient sources, giving Armenian a very archaic lexical tone, and still others were taken from dialects, where native words which had never been used in literature were still preserved. Of the 4200 odd Turkish words then in use in Constantinople Armenian, only some 42 were acceptable in writing, and Adjarian gives what he calls an incomplete list of words coined during this period, including some 4050 words.88 It is important to recognize the magnitude of the job which had to be done to create a modern literary language, a job which was only possible because those artists and pamphleteers who were responsible felt that every new word was a blow for the Armenian revival. "The vigor which created this classicism is greater than the old classicism of the Armenian dynasties."84

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At the same time, a like process was going on in "Russian" Armenia. Here the intellectuals were specifically under the influence of Russian thought, while the Armenians of Turkey were more dependent upon France. "Russian" Armenian intellectuals drew upon both the early Slavophile conservative nationalism and emphasis on national culture as it is preserved among the people, and later upon the Populist and Social Revolutionary movements which felt that the intellectuals had to turn to the peasants or the proletariat for critical social action. This intelligentsia used the Western literary language for a while, but they quickly began to develop their own, adapting the Erivan dialect in much the same way as the westerners had that of Asia Minor. The major center of this activity was the Lazarian Academy in Moscow, founded in 1816, but Tiflis, where the Nersessian School was established in 1824, also played an important role. The revival in the East was less radical than the one in

<sup>38</sup> Kogy, p. 51.

<sup>84</sup> Kogy, p. 52.

the West, because the Eastern Armenians had not been subjected to the same pressures as the Armenians in Turkey had, and had, on the whole, lived a more secure, comfortable life. They allowed many foreign terms to remain in the language, especially technical terms, although we may partially attribute the rejection of European scientific terms in the west to the presence of a large Greek colony in Constantinople, and a wish for complete autonomy even from these fellow-Christians.

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It would be profitless to list all the newspapers which were published during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, nor the galaxy of poets and playwrights who gave the new language artistic stature. But the normative effect of their work bears witness to their success and popularity. Villagers who could not read or write would travel to another village to hear someone read out loud from these periodicals, and would try to adapt their speech to conform with what they heard. Aside from the great effect of political events in reducing dialect diversity, there has been a great, spontaneous effort throughout the Armenian nation to speak this new language with the national dignity which it implied.

Having traced the development of the language as an expression of Armenian national feeling, it is worth stepping back and considering the different ways in which the language barrier has been crossed. The characteristic role of the Armenian language is that of a language in constant competition with other languages, and constantly called upon to express ideas borrowed from other languages. Armenians have spoken and read a dozen different languages, the organs of widely differing cultures, and then have brought back into Armenian all that seemed to them significant, giving it a specifically Armenian character, and making the language a very rich and flexible one. In this situation of extreme multilingualism, an almost sacred role has been reserved for Armenian; Armenian has been intimately associated with the Armenians' loyalty to Christianity, and to the Armenian family structure, representing a way of life which stands in such great contrast to that of the surrounding Muslims. There is an Armenian saying that one must "pray in Armenian, quarrel in Arabic, and swear in Turkish."

The Armenians, in the Middle East, like the Jews in Europe during the Middle Ages, have constituted a community of multilinguals who had a virtual monopoly of international trade, because, even if they could not speak the language of the country they were dealing with, they had a language in common with members of the Armenian diaspora in that country. In the polyglot Ottoman Empire, they had more commercial influence than any other group, and in Europe, during the Middle Ages, and even to this day when most oriental rugs are imported by Armenians, a large part of the trade with the Near East depended on their knowledge of Near Eastern languages. In Lwow, Poland, in the seventeenth century, there was a board of translators organized by the government, to facilitate foreign trade, and the Armenians had a monopoly of the translation of Eastern languages, including "Indian" and Javanese, which are among the languages of the Armenian diaspora.25

An Armenian man living in Tabriz would know some grabar through the church, would use a colloquial dialect at home, would do business primarily Persian, would probably know a considerable amount of Azeri Turkish through contacts with Adharbaijanis, and might well know some Russian. If he were an educated person he would know French, and quite likely some English. In Palestine, during the mandate, many Armenians, besides garn-

ering a certain knowledge of Arabic and English, learned a smattering of Hebrew. In all of these cases, we are speaking of knowing languages of more than one major family, often of knowing a Turkic language, a Semitic language, and a representative of one or more of the major branches of Indo-European, in addition to Armenian which is an independent branch of the Indo-European family.

This multilingualism is, however, almost exclusively situational, and very few Armenians know more than one or two languages with a real fluency extending to all spheres of activity. There is a very complex pattern underlying the roles given each language, of which, without extensive research, I can only give a rough indication. I suspect that a great deal of this depends on the place of the woman. The Armenian woman, although usually living in predominantly Muslim surroundings, has an honored place in the home, and is given a great deal of trust and respect which are denied to Muslim women. However, because her role is so different from the role of women in the society around her, she is far more cut off from participation than her husband is. The Armenian woman, although she is likely to know French if she comes from an educated family, knows less Turkish than her husband, and even less Arabic. Therefore, in addition to the fact that these languages are associated with friction and latent hostility in contacts between Armenians and foreigners, they are also associated with the masculine role. Armenian adolescent boys who want to "talk tough" may lapse into an extreme dialect, heavily laden with Turkish, or even into Turkish or Arabic. Things which, theoretically, would never be said to the woman, such as obscenity or phrases implying discourtesy, are often said in alien languages. It is interesting that one of the first things an Armenian will tell you if you ask about his language is that there are no swearwords in Armenian; Armenian is such a pure and delicate language that it is impossible to curse in it. What this means is that there are swear words in the day to day language spoken by Armenians, but that these are exclusively loan words, most of them from Turkish, because of the role given that language in daily discourse. The Armenian woman, especially in Eastern Armenia, is often regarded as speaking a "purer" form, closer to the original grabar. 35

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The Armenians, even more than other Asian peoples, tend to associate French and other modern European languages with intellectual activity. This is because, as Christians, the Armenians have always had a strong European orientation, looking in vain to Christian Europe as a possible source of help against their Muslim oppressors. Since the Armenian girl is often given as much education as her brother, these languages are common, and may be affected in contacts between young men and women, as signs of sophistication and culture.

The young Armenian is, on the whole, faced with a very heavy language learning load in school. In the modern Middle East, with the development of nationalist government, there is often a required number of hours of classical Arabic or of Turkish, forcing Armenians to become more or less literate in these languages which they would not otherwise have learned to write, and yet the Armenian schools are extremely stubborn about not reducing the number of hours devoted to classical and modern Armenian, and to European languages. Within the home, although the Armenian spoken by the mother is the basic language, and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>35</sup> Zavrian, "The Polish Colony," Armenian Reveiw 15, 1951, pg. 67.

<sup>35</sup> Cirbied, op. cit.

everyone returns to it in discussing anything of emotional importance, several other languages may be spoken to convey different moods. A younger child may struggle to be able to show how grown up he is by talking Arabic or French with his older siblings, and a family is likely to have adopted certain stock phrases from other languages. Turkish phrases are often used in much the same way as Yiddish phrases are used by American Jews for exclamations, punch-lines of jckes, proverbs, etc.

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It is almost always the Armenian who has to take the initiative in finding a mutual language, since only a minute number of non-Armenians know Armenian, especially in a Middle East which remembers the degradation of Armenian Christians in the Ottoman Empire. Thus Armenian remains a secret preserve, a cultural sanctuary from which the Armenian emerges wearing the mask of a strange language whose very use implies alienation. He returns to his language, however, with a new set of concepts which he wants to express. During the period of the revival there was a tremendous foreign intellectual influence, and all the important writing in French was put into Armenian, while almost no actual French words were borrowed. One translator, Mamourian, translated fifty-eight volumes into Armenian, including the works of Voltaire, Scott, Goethe, and the Arabian Nights. Adjarian found, in the translation of The Three Musketeers, alone, fifty-one new words coined to express ideas for which Armenian had not previously been used. Armenian compounds words by attracting two elements, the first always in the nominative singular, with the vowel /a'/ put into avoid clusters, and some vowel alternation. This process is still flexible, so that someone who is skillful in handling the language can compound words for complex ideas which he may want to express in the course of a conversation. One possible good example of the effectiveness of this process is the modern word for concert (hamerk, sudhpa) which is a compound of ham, a preposition expressing mutuality, (concert), and yerk, song. Thus, the word actually expresses more than the English since there is room both for the idea of mutuality and for the idea of music. This means that educated speakers of Armenian who have some feeling for the development and potential of their language have a great resistance to foreign borrowings which they cannot analyze, for, as Sapir says, in speaking of German's degree of receptivity to foreign words:

It seems very probable that the psychological attitude of the borrowing language itself towards linguistic material has much to do with its receptivity to foreign words. English has long been striving for the completely unified, unanalyzable word, . . . In German, however, polysyllabic words strive to analyze themselves into significant elements. Hence vast numbers of French and Latin words, borrowed at the height of certain cultural influences, could not maintain themselves in the language . . . (because they) offered nothing that the unconscious mind could assimilate to its customary method of feeling and handling words . . . Hence German has generally found it easier to create new words out of its own resources, as the necessity for them arose.36

Armenian has had to be unusually active in this process of inventing words, since limitations imposed on activity in other spheres have forced Armenians, to lay a very strong emphasis on spiritual development, which, especially with the growth of the modern intelligentsia, has spread to purely intellectual fields. The Armenians have a very high standard of literacy, especially for an Asian people, and intellectual attainments have always commanded great respect in Armenian society. Study

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>36</sup>Sapir, Edward, Language, New York 1921, p. 196.

abroad has been highly respected, but has been regarded not as an outlet for the student, leading him to a broader intellectual world than that which he can find at home, but as a source of new riches for the Armenian language and culture. The same has been true of intellectual contact with foreigners all over the world.

Many were the patriots who left those (Mekhitarist) colleges, and many were the men of letters, journalists, poets, diplomats, engineers, physicians, lawyers and artists, who first went to Constantinople, and then to the Caucasus, Egypt, Asia Minor, Persia, and even as far as India, where they took with them the benefits of European culture, and later brought back to us Armenians a nobleness of customs and by so doing, gave birth to the popular revival.<sup>37</sup>

In everyday life, even for Armenians who could not use the language as a medium of artistic expression, it still assumed great importance as the only medium in which they could express their situation. Armenian culture has developed as a highly verbal culture, because of the limitation on action, and because many of the fields in which Armenians were allowed to move depended on verbal skills, such as trade. Armenians have at certain periods in their history overstressed the verbal elements in the culture, talking instead of acting. even when they had the opportunity to act. One example of this is that many of the officials in the government of the independent Republic of Armenia were intellectuals of great sensitivity and eloquence, but sadly inexperienced in practical matters. The role of the Armenian language seems increasingly significant when we realize that verbal activity has constituted a great part of that section of human activity in which the Armenian has been able to assert his Armenianness. Through language he has been tied to the native land for which he has longed, and in language he has been able, since the great revival, to assert his independence.

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It remains only to discuss the role of the Armenian language in recent years, when the Armenian community has been divided, between those who are ready to tolerate the status quo, or even sympathize with the Soviet occupation, and those who look for the ultimate independence of the homeland. As was mentioned earlier. the Armenians within the Soviet Union speak the Eastern daliect, and those who live outside generally speak the Western dialect. This has meant that those patriots who strive to disassociate themselves from Communism and struggle against it, tend to take a negative view of the Eastern dialect itself, emphasizing the teaching of Western Armenian in the diaspora, and maintaining it in their literature. The groups in favor of the status quo regard Soviet Armenia as the center of Armenian development from now on, and look to Eastern Armenian as the language of the future, prognosticating an early eclipse of Western Armenian, cut off form the lifesource. This puts them in the position of supporting a dialect which they themselves cannot speak or write, so that their programs for Armenian education represent a certain contradiction. This is true in general, because by accepting the Soviet system as the appropriate one, and looking to Soviet Armenia for future developments in the Armenian people, they cut themselves off from any active role in future developments, except that of combatting the anti-Communists. This in the end, leads to a slow assimilation, and is one of the saddest results of Soviet occupation for the Armenian diaspora; given the situation, it is probably wisest for those Armenians who are outside of the USSR and who see the danger which Communism represents, to develop their own potential in keeping Ar-

<sup>87</sup> Mekbitarist Fathers op. cit., Vienna, 1956. P. 6.

menian culture alive. Within the Soviet Union itself, however, Armenians have, to a great extent, done as they always have done, going to verbal sources to keep some independence, Although Russian policy enforces the use of "international" scientific terminology, and many Russian terms have been introduced into the language, the devotion of the Armenians in the ASSR is shown through works like Adjarian's Etymological Dictionary, etc. Pravda published an article on May 13, 1951, "On Certain **Questions of Contemporary Armenian Lit**erature," in which it is possible to see how the Armenians in the Soviet Union are trying to conserve their national heritage; ". . . several years ago an alarming urge to abandon the reflection of living problems of modern times and to go back to the distant past was discovered in a number of Armenian writers."38

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ian language is developing in a limited way in the Soviet Union, as an expression of Armenian culture, a large section of the diaspora has in a sense denied itself any function in further development, while another section is actively developing the Western literary dialect. In both dialects, linguistic uniformity is increasing, and the separation between the two is growing wider.

In conclusion, we see how the Armenian people have channeled a great part of their national experience into linguistic expression, and therefore, what an essential role language has played in developing and preserving their civilization. I have tried to give some feeling of the width and depth of what language has been called upon to express, the extent of cultural contact with other languages, and the variety of concepts which the Armenian people have adopted linguistically, making their language express ideas native to completely different stocks. It is impossible, however, to express the depth which the language has developed without an intimate realization of what a small number of basic elements, in the mouths of a small group of people living in exile in all the corners of the world, have been tempered and refined over and over to express a universe of experience.

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<sup>88</sup> Small-Stocki, Roman, The Nationality Problem of the Soviet Union and Russian Communist Imperialism 1952, pg. 274

# LITERATURE IN SOVIET ARMENIA

THE THAW AND AFTER

#### ARMAND GASPARD

The thaw which took place in the cultural life of the USSR after Stalin's death has been very thoroughly investigated in its manifestations in Russian literature. This is perfectly natural. However, manifestations were also apparent in the non-Russian republics, particularly in the Ukraine, in the Baltic countries, and in Caucasia, but in these cases the phenomenon is much less well known. We propose to deal only with the results of the thaw in Armenia.

One of the best examples of the change due to the thaw in all that concerns Armenian literature is to be found in the Russian literary critic Valeri Kirpotin. In 1937 he declared: "The role of Bakuntz, Alazan and others in literature was that of saboteurs, counter-revolutionists, trotskyists . . .' But in 1956 the same Kirpotin wrote in the Moscow Literaturnaya Gazeta: 'Axel Bakuntz is not well enough known by the Soviet public. This is a denial of justice because during his brief life he produced some excellent works which constitute some of the most beautiful pages of contemporary Armenian literature.'

Thanks to the thaw some themes dear to the patriotic Armenian were able to be treated in a way that would never have been accepted while Stalin lived. The atmosphere of Armenian cultural life in 1955-56 was somewhat similar to the one at the beginning of the Soviet regime, when the authorities were tolerant enough

to authors like Avetik Issahakian, Shirvanzade, Hovhanes Toumanian, for their considerable talents to flourish. Derenik Demirdiian, one of the first Armenian communist writers, and one of the most extreme in glorifying Stalin, wrote a few years ago, shortly before his death, a fervent work on the national and religious hero of Armenia, Vartan Mamikonian, who fought against heathen Persia at the beginning of the Christian era. The medieval epic, David of Sassun, suppressed for some time, is back again in the limelight. It is a very original work, the only one in addition to the Finnish Kalevala, which has been orally transmitted as a chanson de geste since the Middle Ages right up to today. The state publication house at Erevan has also published, since Stalin's death, about a dozen works by a famous nationalist writer of the end of the last century who had always been on the index. This writer was Raffi, whose numerous novels exalted the patriotism and the revolutionary ardour of Armenian youth rebelling against the powers which were holding the country under their domination.

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Another consequence of the thaw was the resumption, or the expansion, of cultural exchanges with the Armenian diaspora, even the anti-communists amongst them. These exchanges had diminished considerably towards the end of the Stalin era, but expanded again with the republication in Soviet Armenia of works formerly on the index.

However, the thaw in Armenian literature was reflected not only in historical themes, but also in the daring treatment of some new themes borrowed from a Soviet reality up to then ignored. The Return, by G. Keshishian, tells of the moral sufferings of a soldier of the Red Army returning from a prisoner-of-war camp and considered almost as a traitor or a deserter. Comrade Kerasin, by S. Khanzadian, shows up the vulgarity and the arbitrary conduct of a kolkhoz director. Mai, by Z. Daryan, and and Ashken Satyan, by M. Aslanian, draw for us the picture of certain loose and wild Armenian jeunesse, devoid of ideals or morals. These works were severely criticised for their morbid and decadent tendencies and their indirect apologia for sexual licence. The export of Aslanian's novel for forbidden.

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Two poems by Kevork Emin, one of the best contemporary Armenian writers, are among the most interesting and daring productions of the liberalization period following Stalin's death. One of these poems, called 'Silence is Golden', refers to the silence observed over Stalin's crimes, and to the fraud and the lies which weighed on the heart and the mind in the USSR at that time. The other poem is called 'Conversation with a Pharisee'. The Pharisee incarnates the Communist Party representative against whom the poet draws up an indictment which is somewhat similar, at least in its vigour, to the famous 'Poem for Adults' by Adam Wazyk. Kevork Emin wrote that at last the horn of truth had sounded '... now that our country is trying to wash away the filth of the past'.

As in other non-Russian republics the thaw in Caucasia was mainly characterised by certain concessions in favour of local patriotism, notably by the rehabilitation of writers either deported or executed for bourgeois nationalism' during the great purge of the thirties. The liberalization following Stalin's death opened channels to a freer development in national cultures and languages, and through these channels they found the opportunity to assert their particular values as against Moscow. But the drying up of the USSR thaw, starting from 1957, shows itself by a return to the past. The primacy of Russian was restored and there was a gradual return to the old approach, in which the affairs of non-Russian nations are treated from the Russian point of view.

It is in Armenia that the most numerous and interesting manifestations of the Caucasian thaw are to be found. Although the smallest of the Soviet federal republics, it has an abundant literary output, the result in part of a very brilliant literary tradition, and in part the reflection of a diaspora throughout the world of nearly one-and-a-half million Armenians.

The thaw started with a certain number of rehabilitations. A heavy price was exacted from the Armenian writers in the purge of 1936—38. The main victim was Elysee Charentz, a talented revolutionary poet and member of the Communist Party who was convicted on a charge of nationalist deviation and executed in 1937 at the age of forty. His poetry is a happy medium between that of Maiakovski and that of an Omar Khayyam—a synthesis giving a good picture of Armenia where the cultural influences of Russia and Persia cross.

Some time before his arrest Charentz had written a poem called 'Message,' a work practically devoid of any literary value and which, to top all, contained no message whatsoever. But one day it was discovered that if one read vertically the second letter of each verse one obtained a significant sentence: People of Armenia, your salvation lies in the union of your own forces.

Amongst the other well-known victims of the great purge one can mention Aksel Bakuntz, who started his literary career under the Soviet system, Norentz, Totoventz, Alazan and Gourgen Mahari. These writers were accused of reactionary nationalist-bourgeois and counter-revolutionary tendencies. They had attached too much importance to their national traditions, to their history and to the church; instead of insisting on the building up of socialism they saw the development of Soviet Armenia as a patriotic adventure centered on the preservation of the national patrimony and the settlement of refugees from Van, Sassun, and other Turkish regions in the ancient Armenian countries of Transcaucasia.

Only two authors survived the great purge: Alazan and Gourgen Mahari. They were rehabilitated in 1954 in a speech by Mikoyan at Erevan. They returned from exile and started again publishing their works, but, no doubt because of their age and the sufferings they must have endured, these works never reached their earlier quality. The former workman, Alazan, whose writing career began under the Soviet system, did, however, produce a new novel entitled The Northern Star, in which he describes his experiences in Siberia and also working class life in an Armenian town.

The dead writers have also been more or less completely rehabilitated. Their works have been republished in Armenian and also translated into Russian. Praise has been heaped upon them in literary publications; nevertheless, the circumstances of their disappearance were very discreetly treated in 1956. The Armenian Writers Union appointed a committee to probe into the fate of Aksel Bakuntz and other victims of the purge. The report underlined the injustice, not only of their physical annihilation, but also of the suppression of

their works, which were so completely banished that all mention of these authors was strictly forbidden in anthologies and school textbooks. This state of affairs was changed, thanks to the thaw. Furthermore, the works of some authors have been reconsidered by the critics. Instead of being classed as a 'decadent' symbolist, Elysee Charentz has now been classed as a revolutionary symbolist. Even the pre-revolutionary writers have benefited from this new approach. Thus Rafael Patkanian passes now as a realist writer, whereas before he was classed as 'romantic' and 'idealist,' pejorative adjectives in the communist critic's vocabulary.

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These two poems were subject to some criticisms in 1957. However, at the Armenian writers' congress held that year Kevork Emin continued to show himself a rebel. He attacked the 'demagogic and nihilistic' critics who understood nothing about national literature and systematically distorted the party's decisions. If he accepted the criticism of 'Silence is Golden' he rejected the attacks on 'Conversation with a Pharisee'. But while continuing to speak openly Kevork Emin, who is a communist still glorified the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution and also the launching of the Sputnik.

Another rebellious work published in 1957 in Soviet Armenia, called *The Fable of the Eternal Candles*, is by an author, Khugasian, who is not very well known. It is perhaps the most daring attack against dictatorship ever brought out in the USSR. The main character is a tyrannical sovereign who thinks he can rule over the whole universe and direct all the arts. He even considers himself a poet and writes verses while his hands are covered with blood. One day he learns that some classical poems have been sung against him. The entire police force is put into action to find the author, who is at last discovered. He is a

young man and the only person in all the kingdom who dares to light a candle at night when the king imposes absolute darkness. Instead of having the rebel executed, the tyrant decides to grant him his life on condition that he sings the praises of his reign for posterity. Three years later the young man comes before the king with a series of volumes. The tyrant proclaims the day a national holiday and his Grand Vizir distinguishes himself by getting drunk. But when the king begins to examine the young poet's work he sees that the first page of the first volume portrays a huge and hideous face watching a scene of torture. The following pages are all painted in black. The second volume contains all the songs of hope of the people against the tyranny. Furious, the king has the poet's hands cut off and has him thrown into a ditch into which he also throws, derisively, some paper and a pencil. And then, miraculously, the poet's hands grow again and his fingers become luminous. Night after night his hands cross the kingdom distributing his songs of hope, right up to the day when the people, tired of the tyranny, rise up against the bloody monarch and his alcoholic Vizir.

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l. s e e At the moment when this work appeared in 1957, a reaction had already begun against the thaw. Even in 1955 the poet Maro Marcarian had been criticised because of the too nationalist tone of her poems, and Kevork Emin had also been attacked as a rebel. At the plenary session of the Armenian writers union held in 1958, severe warnings were addressed on the subject of deviations, particularly the nationalist deviation, revealed in the young

writers whose works too often express nostalgia for the past. Tigran Bakour, for example, was reprimanded by the official censors for having evoked with too much delight the picture of the ruins of Ani, ancient capital of Armenian kings, the countryside of Mount Ararat, and the past of Van, instead of interesting himself in the modern monuments of Erevan and of contemporary life. Rebukes were also addressed to Armenian writers repatriated after the last world war who often evoke with nostalgia their childhood country.

At the fourth Armenian writers' congress held in January 1959 the authorities' efforts to restrict the results of the thaw received their sanction. The Secretary of the Association, E. S. Topchian, came out strongly against those who showed an 'unconsidered enthusiasm for the valueless works of the past, which leads inevitably to a nationalist sentiment completely alien to Soviet patriotism'. He criticised in particular the review of the association, Sovetakan Graganutuun, because of an 'antiscientific and vicious' article on national character in literature. This reversion to the past was also manifested in the Communist Party's attack on the tendency in some intellectual circles to purify the Armenian language of words of Russian origin. An Armenian-Russian dictionary of recent date was criticised for excessive 'Armenianisation', and Russian has again attained primacy in the schools.

Since 1957, in the 7th to the 10th classes, Russian is taught for one hour more than the national language.

-From "Soviet Survey," Oct.-Dec. 1960

## Worcester Winter

#### PUZANT KEVORK THOMAJAN

The fierce New England winters of yesteryear visited my birthplace, Worcester, with particular fury. They made me feel like a second cousin to the far-off Eskimos and sent our little family of three huddling for cover into our kitchen, which became headquarters for the duration. There our glowing coal stove reigned supreme. How we treated it with respect, tending its every need, blacking its sturdy iron sides into a lustrous ebony and keeping its nickel trimmings mirror-bright.

Yes, the one on the second floor of the three decker at 634 Pleasant Street was a cast iron classic. Under its gracefully arched legs, our tiger cat, Thomaso, found his favorite curl-up spot. When I would trudge in from out the cold and my toes felt numb, I would open up the oven door, pull up a chair and thrust my feet inside with not a thought that

I had corns . . . they might pop!

When the fire was extra hot, the lids turned rosy pink. Evenings, it was a ritual to toss orange peels onto the lids and they gave forth an exotic oriental aroma. On Sunday, we would use khung which emanated a churchy scent and made me feel good all over. Roasting little chesnuts plucked from thorny burrs was another source of sustenance.

Next to the stove stood a tall circular copper hot water boiler, which

at the time was more satisfying to hug than my best girl.

On extremely cold days, the kitchen windows would frost up on the inside. They became my white blackboard on which I would scrawl all kinds of crazy images with my nails or a matchstick. Fortunately, the kindly sun acted as an eraser for these monstrosities.

Ski-ing was a favorite sport. My skis were home-made, formed from the staves of wooden flour barrels to which I would nail on foot straps. It was a long time before I graduated to a Flexible Flyer with its handsteering device. For several years I had to be satisfied with a low-down

sled steered by my dragging toes.

Sweetest sound of the season was the no-school bell-signal to go forth, shovel in hand, to see what money could be made from clearing neighbor's sidewalks. The dimes and quarters garnered put a jingle in my pockets as well as in my spirits.

One of the wildest notions ever to enter my little head was that of climbing to the top of the highest hill and then start rolling down . . . with the idea of forming a colossal snowball that would smash my identity on the local community . . . but fear of possible damage to personal life and limb deterrred this dastardly scheme.

Another sinful thought was to lure some mean bully under a giant icicle with the hope that it might get the drop on him.

One of my regular chores was to crank down the grate then dump the contents of the stove pan into the back piazza ash sifter. Shaking it was a little less fun than popping corn. Half-burnt coals were picked out for re-use and cinders were used for strewing on icy pavements.

Concerning my winter garb, that calls for special comment. How can I ever forget my coat! It was made of curly gray and white astrakhan and had a red wool lining. This was topped by a round astrakhan hat. It was with great pride that my parents sent me forth to school, thus clad. But the kids at school took a different view and quickly unhorsed my Cossack-cockiness by making me the target of their lampoons and snowy pellets. Then and there, I experienced what it felt to be a martyr, for my parents never heard a word about my sufferings. As far as I was concerned I couldn't outgrow that coat soon enough, for until that time . . . I was a condemned character.

Another source of embarassment was the way mother padded my chest with folded-down newspaper, which she safety-pinned to my underwear. This measure was taken to prevent the wintry winds from penetrating to my chest. Of course, whenever I moved, there were cracking sounds which were difficult to explain at my unrheumatic age. Which reminds me of the way father would tack strips of felt around windows and doors to check Jack Frost's icy breath.

At night, the cold water faucet would be left trickling as a precaution against freezing. When the pipes did freeze, that was a dire calamity. Then, father would hustle out his blow torch and do his best to thaw out the house's vital arteries. Sometimes, he was able to save the situation and at other times, a plumber had to be summoned. While he operated, all the water in the house had to be turned off and we baled out rationed amounts from kettles and tubs for strictly essential needs.

It was a common morning sight to find milk bottles left on the back piazza with their contents protruding several inches. This was what you could truly call—ice cream!

Supporting our kitchen stove in a minor role was our parlor stove, which was lit up when company came. It was tall and slender and had a mica window through which I had a dim view of a miniature inferno, which someday might consume me if I did not behave.

Our fancy yorghans were the pride of the family and enjoyed an heirloom status. They had beautiful silk facings and their contents consisted of a heapy layer of shredded wool. We paid our guests a great honor when these yorghans were taken out of bogchas for their comfort.

As for winter medicines and such, there was Scott's Emulsion, viscous and smelly, which was supposed to be a resistance-builder. Never hard to take was Cherry Pectoral, a sweetish cough syrup. Hoarhounds were the popular cough drops of the day.

One of the most effective antidotes against the cold, taken every evening before retiring, was a book-size soapstone slab, warmed on the stove and wrapped in newspaper. It was a bosom companion, which

almost substituted for human warmth.

But on real cold cold nights, when the wind howled and icicles seemed to sprout on the iron frame of my bed . . . the ordeal became too much and I would snuggle myself next to my father, who was hot as a furnace. He would half-mumble . . . tschako . . . and put his paws around his shuddering cub. Then and there . . . the frigid world suddenly melted away and in forty winks I was romping . . . naked in the sun!



# AN IMPORTANT TURKISH DOCUMENT ON THE 'EXTER-MINATE ARMENIANS' PLAN

DR. NAVASARD DEYRMENJIAN

NOTE-Forty six long years have passed since the fatal day of April 24 1915, which marked the beginning of the Armenian genocide which accounted for the loss of more than one million lives and the dispersion of the remnants of the Armenian people, and yet, amazingly enough, and in the face of overwhelming evidence repeatedly adduced by eye witnesses, neutralist, investigators and world historians in incontradictable proof of the Turkish guilt, and despite the fact that this evidence has repeatedly been made available to the world public, to this date not a single Turk has been found who had the intellectual integrity and the moral courage to admit that in the dastardly deed of 1915 the responsibility of the guilt strictly belonged to his government and his people.

Dishonest, shabby and disputative apologia have been advanced, and are advanced to this day, by the Turks in their attempt to place the guilt on the Armenians, or at best to share that guilt, in partial palliation of their crime, such as the false charges of Armenian ingratitude, provocation, and outright treason, all of which have been refuted with devastating force, and yet the Turks carry on their ancient chant as if nothing had been said or nothing proved.

The Armenians are in possession of many official documents, issued by the Minis-

tries of Interior and of War and the Central Committee of the Party of Union and Progress, divulging and ordering the plan of extermination to all the governors of the provinces, the Valis, the Mutesarifs, the Kaimakams and the Mudirs, proving conclusively that the plan of extermination was decided upon without consultation with the Armenians and that neither ingratitude, provocation, or treason played a part in it.

The discovery of one more official document will not necessarily make a big difference in tipping the scales inasmuch as the evidence against the Turkish Government already is beyond redemption. But still, one more document will rather support and not detract from the magnitude of the evidence.

The following official document, issued by the Turkish Government, corroborating the monumental evidence which already exists, in point of content, spirit and intention precisely in keeping with a host of similar documents, is nevertheless new and somewhat different in form which comes to us from an entirely unexpected source.

It is the preface of a book written by Doctor Navasard Deyrmenjian of a little Armenian village called Kinjilar in the region of Geyveh which was exterminated and destroyed by the Turks like hundreds of other villages and towns. It proves conconclusively that as early as 1912 the Turks had decided the fate of the Armenians and they had even gone so far as to concoct their excuses so that the damnation of the Armenians would be complete.—EDITORS

In August of 1912 I was at the hot springs of Yalova. There were many others there, among whom a Turk named Javid, a well known figure of the Turkish Ittihad and Terakki Party, a member of the Turkish Parliament and Minister of Finance, and the Armenian Member of Parliament H

On December 19, 1913, the Evening News, quoting from the London Times, published the following significant bit of news: "The Young Turks in their secret conference in Salonica have decided to take advantage of the situation to exterminate all the non-Turkish elements, leaving Turkey to the Turks."

In October of 1914 I was serving in the Merkez Hospital of Ankara as a military physician where the head of the local Ittihad Party served as secretary in fulfilment of his military duty. One night this man was arrested and brought to the hospital dead drunk and I was ordered to make a physical check of him as the attendant

physician. In view of his connection with the hospital, and out of a sense of professional ethics, I edited my report in such a manner that he was acquitted and escaped punishment, and this incident was the cause of the establishment of a firm friendship between us. A few days later this man asked me to have a drink together at an Armenian pharmacy and I was obliged to accept it.

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When he had drunk enough he opened up and started to expatiate of politics among which the Armenian question. After revealing to me his identity and the high rank he held, he confided to me: "We Turks, for the past five to six hundred years, had taken your nation under our protection. Unfortunately the leaders of your nation proved ungrateful, and at the instigation of our centuries-old enemy Russia, lent themselves to treasonable activity against the Empire. This behavior on the part of your leaders provoked our anger, and accordingly, it was decided to exterminate your nation, a decision which will be enforced in the near future."

Below is the copy of the secret order which was sent to all the provincial authorities on the eve of the Armenian deportations, issued by the Council of Ministers (Cabinet) and the Secretariat of the Committee of Ittihad and Terakki:

#### OFFICIAL AND URGENT

"To all the Excellencies, the Governors of the Provinces, Tribal Chiefs, and the Honorable Authorities:

"You are aware of the inexorable political causes under whose contingency the mighty Ottoman Empire and the great Turkish nation, in cooperation with Germany and Austria, entered the war against the Triple Entente, and in this fatal struggle, with the help of God, to come out victorious, we repeat that every Moslem and Turk, impelled by the sacred vision, and

like one man, must take his stand against the infidel enemies.

"Diplomacy having taken into account the nature and the outcome of this war, whether favorable or adverse for us, has clearly seen and has proved historically that the Russians and the British now united for the first time to fight against us, shall never be able to agree between themselves on the partition of our sacred lands. For centuries one or the other of these two powers sided with us and fought against each other in the defense of our lands in our name. Because the Eastern Provinces stand between the Oueen of the Seas, our Istanbul, and the land route to India, and the occupation of these provinces by either of them is a mortal blow to the other, especially to England. In the event of their victory, they can come to an agreement with each other only in the name of a third claimant, seeking a people which shall be able to serve their interests, so that they can speak to each other in the name of that people. That third heir can only be the Armenian people. God forbid, in the event of our defeat, the ensuing peace negotiations will surely bring to the fore the Armenian Ouestion which, already for the past half century, has become in international issue thrust against our breast.

"Therefore, to defend our Fatherland, the Nation, and our religion against such a peril, the government which represents the Islam and Turk people, and the Committee of Union and Progress (Ittihad and Terakki), with their united forces, to forestall the placing of the Armenian Quesion on the Peace table in any shape or manner, taking advantage of the independence of action which the war has brought to us, we have decided to settle this matter once and for all by exterminating this alien element and driving them to the deserts of Arabia, in accordance with our secret order.

"For the execution of this plan the following excuses are offered:

"A Armenian voluteer contingents serving in enemy armies.

"B. The countless quantities of arms and ammunition which have been siezed in all parts of the Fatherland.

"And now, your government and the great Committee of Ittihad call on you and your patriotism, and we order you to support the local bodies of the Committee of Union and Progress with all your resources, which, beginning with April 24, at dawn, according to a secret plan, shall put this plan into execution.

"Any functionary or individual who opposes this sacred and patriotic causes and refuses to submit to the discharge of his duty in any shape or manner, by defending or protecting this or that Armenian, shall be considered an enemy of the Fatherland and the Religion and will be punished accordingly.

"The exception to this rule are only those who fulfill the provisions of the secret order."

(Signed) Ministers of Interior and War TALAAT ENVER

Secretary of the Committee of Union and Progress

#### DOCTOR NAZIM

"April 15, 1915."

NOTE—Since these lines were being typed we received a letter from Dr. Krikor Deyrmendjian of Drama, Greece (another Deyrmendjian) who had sent us the preface of Dr. Navasard's booklet which includes the notorious Turkish official document of extermination. This was in reply to our request to determine the source of the document in question. Dr. Krikor Deyrmendjian writes to us:

writes to us;
"I have written to Dr. Navasard Deyrmendjian and I have heard from him. He writes that
this monstrous document of extermination was
first discovered by Armenian officers in the
Turkish army. Later, after the Armistice, the
document was published in Armenian newspapers.
Dr. Deyrmenjian copied it and published it in
the Preface to his booklet.—EDITORS.

## THE EAGLE CHILD

#### AVEDIK ISAHAKIAN

This story from the pen of the late great Armenian Poet Avedik Isahakian was written in 1905 and only recently came to light. It was published in "Alik", the Armenian language newspaper of Tehran, Iran.

By the side of the vilage pond a few children were frolicking in the sun. Just then, a huge powerful eagle soaring above them made a direct sweep downward, picked up a child of three or four years in his mighty claws, and pressing him to her breast, soared upwards and carried him far, far away.

She carried him to the high mountains and gently deposited him in her nest on a high ledge. The eaglets, seeing the child, smacked their bills, sharpening their appetites, but their mother made them understand not to touch him.

The eagle had snatched the child in order to devour him, but when she had seen the imploring look in his eyes, she had spared his life.

The child remained in the nest together with the eaglets while the father and mother eagles flew away to bring in their catch and feed the youngsters. At night they sheltered them all, including the child, under their huge wings until morning.

Thus, the child lived with the family of the eagles, loved them, and was loved by them all.

Years passed, the young eaglets took wings and flew far away from their parents. New eaglets came into the world but still the child remained with the old eagles.

At first, when the child was too small, he did not venture far from the nest, but when he grew a little bigger he ventured farther and farther away, went after game, and brought rabbits and birds to the nest and fed the little eagles. to

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The child had not forgotten that they had brought him here from far, far away, away from those like him whose names he even had not forgotten. He always sat on a high ledge and kept staring in the distance, in the direction from where he had come.

Images flashed across the screen of his memory—his village, his mother, his father, his elder brothers, his playmates, the good hours he had spent with them, and many, many other things.

He sometimes uttered human words and his soul was constantly striving toward there, far far away—those places, those fields, but where he could not return, because he had no wings, he did not know the way.

Some two years passed and he became used to the life of the eagles more than ever before; loved the sharp jutting crags and the mighty summits. He awoke at dawn and flew from rock to rock, chasing the deer, while the eagles and their heirs hovered over him flapping their mighty protective wings.

He gazed at them and smiled, clapping his hands like their wings and flying from rock to rock. The high soaring of the eagles toward the sun and the flapping of their wings delighted him. And it seemed to him that he, too, was flying. He took heart as he clambered over abysmal depths toward the peaks, toward the sun. And on the mountain tops, under the crackle of whipping wings, beneath the golden rays of the sun and through the crystal blue he gazed sublimely far, far away toward his birthplace, aflame with invisible, vague meditations, soaring in spirit toward there, toward there.

At evenfall, when the sun set, the valleys were bathed in the fog and the caravan of the stars was moving over the mountain tops, tired and weary, he fell asleep under the wings of the eagles and in his dreams he saw the vast country, his birthplace, flying toward there, toward there.

A few more years passed and the child already had grown up to manhood. Having flown the mountain heights with the eagles and having been inured to a free and hardy life, he had become a powerfully-built, strong youth. He was swifter than the wild goat in climbing the rocks, no wolf escaped his blow, and no deer could keep up the pace with him.

Like the eagle, he reigned over the mountains and all the wild animals feared and respected him. He often sat on a throne of the highest rocks and surrendered himself to his deep meditations.

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Most of all, he loved the heights during a mighty storm when the dark clouds rolled around the peaks and overflowed into the lower valleys, when the fiery crackling lightning pierced the clouds and shattered themselves on the rocks. At those moments he climbed the highest peak and watched the fury of the elements with rapt fascination.

There was thunder in the mountains and the valleys, and there was thunder in his manly breast. His eyes sparkled with the excitement. Generally, however, he was sad and despondent just like the blizzard winds, his heart was stormy, the storm which forges the tempest and the lightning. He wanted to blow up.

The boundless freedom did not satisfy him; the plain, the meadows and the fields were pulling him downward; there was a storm in his soul.

Already, of late he had been absenting himself from the eagle's nest, for days wandering in the mountains, scaling the peaks, sweeping down into the valleys, and still striving upwards.

And one day he came down the mountains, very very low, deep into the forests on the slopes. He cut off a young branch of the oak, put it on his shoulder, and came out of the forest on the other side. And he saw there what he had been dreaming from his childhood. It was a small hut, the smoke rising from the chimney. There were children in front of the door, grown men who were cutting wood.

He came near them, but since he knew not the custom of greeting men, he stood there silently. At first the men of the hut were afraid of this silent youth but noticing the mildness in his eyes they took courage and asked him questions, but he could not answer them.

They took him for dumb, and seeing his robust, handsome figure, they pitied him and took him in, they fed him and kept him with them.

Slowly, he learned to speak and made them understand who he was. They wondered at his story and loved him, thinking it a miracle. He made himself useful to them, cutting wood and fetching fuel from the woods all by himself.

When he was sufficiently advanced in his speech he bade goodby to the hospitable hut and set off to find his parents whose image was still alive in his soul driven to them by the urge of his longing. He wandered far and away, along all trails and everywhere. He worked hard to earn his bread.

He wandered far, and worked hard with the impoverished peasants in their fields, in the scorching heat of the summer and the freezing cold of the winter. He worked with the blacksmiths, with heavy hammers before the fire. And he did other heavy menial chores.

He felt on his shoulders the whole weight of the people's black labor and the slavery of the struggle for existence. His eagle soul, so full of the clap of eagles' wings and the thunder of the storm, could not endure this slavish life, and fixing his gaze on the mountains, he was dreaming of his unbounded freedom and his reign in the mountains. There in the mountains he was all by himself, not like men of the plains; but here, he was with his likes, restricted and chained like them.

Living the new life he understood that an awful injustice was being imposed on men everywhere. He saw that the greater part of men were living like animals, toiling day and night, suffering valiantly, while a small part lived in a sea of luxury and pleasure, happy and idle, sensuous and arrogant. That this class had sat on the neck of the workingmen with the weight of centuries, had strangled them with its iron laws, and those poor laborers, like dumb tools, had carried their masters on their backs through the centuries, had sacrificed their blood and sweat, and yet they do not feel it, do not realise, have lived in the dark, are petrified.

But he felt that his eagle soul, nurtured in freedom, soaring and proud, ruling and rebellious, the inhabitant of the mountains could not bear this life of slavery and oppression. His heart was bleeding. He left the labor and went away to find his fatherland. It seemed to him his fatherland was free of all restraint. This was the dream which had been burning in his soul ever since his childhood.

But wherever he went he heard the same sounds of the sobbings and the same rattle of the chains, day and night, day and night. And invariably always he heard above his head the rattle of eagle's wings which animated and inspired him day and night, day and night.

And after long wanderings he finally found his birthplace, the familiar pond and his parent's cottage.

He entered his paternal hearth as a guest and, with a deep anguish of the heart, saw his mother with bending back, his once hardy father, now worn out and withered, his brothers weighted down, and the whole village pining under the ruling, oppressing fist of the master.

And he was deeply convinced that the greater part of mankind was being ruled and crushed by the claws of tyranny, a tyranny which was sucking the blood of the people. And what was most loathsome of all, the people were kissing the hand which oppressed and enslaved them. The poor, poor people, slaves and captives, pining in a huge prison, exploited by false haws of good and evil, groaning under their chains, and yet blind and dumb, living in the dark, without light. The heavy fist of oppression weighed over the whole world, and yet they could not see it, could not feel it!

Seeing all this, his soul of the mountain eagle was stirred and all the storms of the mountains thundered in him, all the lightning struck in him. His soul which had always wanted to blow up, which was ripe for the blowing up, now that the hour of retribution had arrived, he vowed to be revenged on all the oppressors and to make the world free, and to make all men proud as the eagles.

One day as he was wandering under the

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wh and on burning sun, distracted with his thoughts in his search of a way to save the world, his weary feet took him to a spring whose cool waters were ringing like a bell through the boulders. He gazed at the spring whose clear droplets, like tear drops, were sparkling on the colorful rocks. He sat down beside the spring and said:

"Blessed art thou, O bell spring, that you happily gurgle along, and do not see the suffering and the blood of mankind."

As he gazed at the spring, silent and heavy-hearted, his open forehead wrinkled with a scowl and his thoughtful head hung low on his mighty chest, behold there stood before him two dainty and coy mountain nymphs and greeted him.

He raised his eyes and saw them, one holding a sword in her hand, and the other a lit candle.

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"Who are you, and what do you want of me?" he asked them.

"We are nymphs and we have come to relieve your anguish. We will give you whatever you wish."

"You who are so simple, you good spirits, tell me, can you heal my great anguish? It is the mighty anguish of the world. Who can save this suffering world?"

"I will tell you," the nymph with the candle replied. "Take my candle, that is knowledge itself. Go about men and illuminate their dark souls, make them understand that men shall be free, that no one has the right to destroy the rights of others, that every man is his own master, that justice consists of right, and right consists of freedom."

"No, I will tell you," replied the other nymph. "That is a thankless task, to make thousands and thousands understand. Who will listen to you? They will extinguish your candle, because right belongs to him who has the power. This is the only right and the only way—the sword. Lift it and on to battle, go into the world, massacre

and destroy all the evil-doers and the tyrants, the evil will die and the good shall live. Go kill the evil and the good shall be stronger and justice shall reign unhindered. By the fight alone shall you win your right."

Upon hearing this, the youth's eagle soul was inflamed, his heart lighted with the lightning of revenge, his breast shook with the thunder of the mountains, he heard the clash of eagle wings above his head, he snatched the sword from the hand of the nymph and flew into the world, among men.

He joined the multitude who, with bent backs, were toiling before the mansions of their oppressors, brandished his sword, and shouted:

"I bring you the freedom of the mountains and the majesty of the mountain peaks. My sword is mighty and it brings you justice. It is enough that you have suffered. Follow me and I shall lead you to the fight—a just and freedom-bringing fight. We shall destroy our masters and we shall become the free masters."

And because his speech was fiery and sincere, the multitude was moved like the sea, was strewn around him like surging waves, and roared.

"Lead us on. To the fight, to death, to life."

He again turned to the multitude.

"You are slaves, captives, without rights. They are oppressing and murdering you. They are enjoying you and are devouring you. I tell you, unite against your devourers, move, you slavish mob, arise and fight once more, you have nothing to lose except your chains, but you have a whole world to gain."

And since he spoke with a fiery tongue and because his words were sincere, the multitude spread around him in waves and roared.

"Lead us on to the fight, to freedom, to

death."

And the sea multitude followed him, armed with swords and cudgels. They fell upon their rulers and masters, their rich oppressors, upon all the evil and the tyrants.

And they killed them, slew them, massacred them and shot them. They destroyed villages and cities, homes and palaces, they burnt and ruined, they looted their property and confiscated their boundless riches.

And the victorious multitude became the masters of the land. There were no longer any rulers and slaves, oppressors and the oppressed. It seemed equality was all that reigned, because the looted wealth had been divided equally among them.

And it seemed to the Eagle Child that justice was now supreme—the dream life

of human rights.

But after a while, as he observed carefully the new life, he again saw injustice and slavery. Again he heard moanings and curses. He saw that the strong was again oppressing the weak, again a new class of oppressors had arisen, and again a new class of the oppressed. He saw that upon the ruins of the old life again the same life had sprouted, the same drops of the rain. And, with a bleeding heart, he realized that he had been unable to eradicate the evil. The root of that great evil was in the hearts of men, buried in thousands and thousands of generations, and behold, on the same root, the same tree of evil was rising.

He saw that he had cut down the tree alone. He was deeply discouraged, He dropped his wings, his sunny forehead became wrinkled with the dark creasees of disillusionment, he hung his proud head on his shattered breast and cursed men thrice.

Then he picked up his sword, broke it, and flung it aside. He shook off the dust of his feet against the four winds, and led his steps toward the mountains, toward the azure of the mountain skies.

He kept moving, silent and weary like a shadow, arrived at the spring, sat down beside it, and gazed at its bell waters, and he wept, he wept for the first time in his life.

Just then the nymph with the candle appeared, bright and beautiful. She held his head in her tender hands, and said.

"Do not weep, do not be discouraged. Man is not lost yet. Go with the light and seek in the darkness. Find the man. They do not fight darkness with the sword but with the light. They fight ignorance with knowledge. Do not weep, do not be discouraged. Take the light and go to men, enlighten them, dispel the darkness from among them, shatter their slavish chains, first of all save the soul of man-his mind. After that man will save himself. Give him the consciousness of his calling, of his aim, of his value. His consciousness is the source of his freedom and the death of his slavery. Let man understand that he has rights. He will win that right. Ignite the enlightened consciousness of justice, of freedom, and of truth in every soul and in every hut, and you shall see that the sun of righteousness shall soon rise in all the world."

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He was listening to the words of the nymph like the thirsty traveler. Again his heart was stirred, again his eyes shone with the suns of hope and faith, again his forehead brightened with pride, and his chest was swollen like the sea.

Once again, and this time more powerfully, he heard the thunder of the mountains, the clash of the eagle's wings. He heard all this around him, in his head, and in his heart.

And with a sublime silence he was thankful to the nymph. He took the Light from her hand, and like a ray, swift and shining, and invincible, he flung himself into the thick of the darkness, into the multitude.

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# A HISTORY OF ARMENIA

HRAND PASDERMADJIAN

CHAPTER IX

#### **Economic Aspects**

From the economic standpoint the Kingdom of New Armenia played an essential role in the economy and the commerce of the medieval world. Its geographic position, the industrious spirit and the aptitudes of the inhabitants, and lastly the sane policy of its sovereigns converted that kingdom into an important center of production and especially a great center of exchange, and we might say, the greatest center of exchange between East and West.

This premier role of New Armenia is best brought out by Heyd in his chief work on the history of the commerce of the East in the Middle Ages.<sup>52</sup> Heyd has devoted two chapters of his famous book to the history of New Armenia on which we base the following concise description of that country's economic role.

It was Leon II again who, having combined his qualities of great soldier and a skillful statesman with a profound comprehension of economic needs and possibilities, laid the foundation of the economic development of New Armenia. "He saw farther

than the majority of his compatriots," writes Heyd, "and realized that neither the authentic valor of the Armenian people nor the chain of mountain ranges surrounding the land constituted an effective protective ring around the new kingdom. It was necessary to interest Europe in the prosperity of his kingdom. If the European merchants found a cordial welcome in the Armenian state, that was the result of this rigid line of thinking which was consistently followed by Leon and his successors. The time will come, Leon thought, when the need of maintaining their commercial activities will impel the western powers, especially the maritime countries, to take an active interest in the defense of Armenia."58

After the arrival of the Armenians the production of Cilicia took an upward turn. "The production of the country was highly varied," writes Heyd. "The cotton industry which the Armenians developed to a high degree supplied first class raw material for the industry. There was a high demand for the wool of Armenia and especially the goat hair which was locally used in the manufacture of a plush satin fabric,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>53</sup>W. Heyd, Geschichte des Levan-handdis, Leipzig, 1879, 2 volumes. A French translation of this work exists under the title of Histoire du Levant au Moyen Age, Leipzig, 1923, 2 volumes.

<sup>58</sup>Heyd, I, p 366.

both of which were held in high esteem. The mines of the Taurus Mountains supplied various metals, chiefly iron; the forests of the mountains yielded plenty of timber, while the plains supplied the grain, the wine and the raisin. And finally, the horses and the mules of Armenia were highly prized in foreign lands.54

To this list should be added the products which New Armenia exported to the West -leather, furs, and the bristle of animals.55

On the other hand New Armenia was the center or an important textile industry consisting chiefly of woolens and satins. The Venetians, writes Heyd, learned from the Armenians the manufactures of woolens with long hair. The Venetians even established firms in Cilicia which manufactured textiles to their account.56

The principal commercial and industrial centers of New Armenia were the cities of Lajazzo, Tarsus, Mamistra, Adana, and Sis.

Aside from the land's production and export, however, the economic importance of New Armenia was also, and especially, based on its transit which made Cilicia one of the great exchange centers and the emporiums between East and West.

As Heyd has observed, from this standpoint, the kingdom of New Armenia was situated in an extremely favorable location. Along its entire extent it presented a highly developed coastal region. Its principal ports were the coastal cities of Lajazzo and Korikos. Tarsus, at that time, was a coastal city because the sea had not seceded then as much as now. The Cydnus River (modern Tarsus-Chaie) which ran through that city was not yet jammed by the sand. Farther in the interior, the Cities of Adana and Mamistra (modern Misis) were connected with the sea through navigable

channels where the ships could navigate provided they were not heavily laden.57

On the other hand, as the same author observes, on the summit apex caused by the junction of Syria and Asia Minor, New Armenia, or Cilicia, was the necessary route of the caravans. The highway which connected Syria with Constantinople via Ikonium (Konia) which was the terminal of the routes from India and the Euphrates cut thorugh New Armenia throughout its entire length.

Another great commercial route which connected Iran (Tabriz) and Central Asia via Armenia Major likewise terminated in Cilicia via Malatia and Marash. And finally, another important route which terminated in Cilicia was the highway which con nected Cilicia with the Persian Gulf by way of Syria and Baghdad. It was through these latter two routes that the products of Central Asia and of India reached New Armenia, in turn to be exported to the West and even the other ports of the eastern Mediterrenean.

There was, of course, the rival route to Alexandria, Egypt, however, all the choice spices, such as the cubeb, the clove, the nutmeg, the jujube, the cinnamon and others, preferably passed through the Tabriz-Major Armenia-New Armenia route. or the Persian Gulf-Baghdad-New Armenia route. In fact, the value of these goods was high as compared to their weight and the expense incurred by the long land journey did not make any material difference in the cost. Whereas these products, by virtue of their high cost, were subject to a heavy tax in Egypt. On the other hand the danger of deterioration to these spices was far less by land transportation than was incurred by sea transportation.<sup>58</sup>

Still, all these natural advantages were not enough to make New Armenia a great

 <sup>&</sup>lt;sup>54</sup>Heyd, I, pp. 368-369.
 <sup>55</sup>Heyd, II, p. 82.
 <sup>56</sup>Heyd, II, p. 83.
 <sup>87</sup>Heyd, I, p. 367.

<sup>58</sup>Heyd, II, p. 78.

center of exchange. It was necessary to attract the Western merchants to Cilicia and to facilitate their residence and their activity, instead of hampering them. And Leon II did not fail in this task. In 1201 he received the first Genoese ambassador, Ogerio de Pallo, and concluded with him a treaty endowing the Genoese citizens with all the privileges calculated to induce them to settle and engage in commercial activity in Cilicia. Thus, all Genoese citizens were exempted from the customs tax (4% on entry and export), from tolls and other duties throughout the entire length of New Armenia. The king placed at the disposal of Genoese citizens certain lands in Sis, Mamistra, and Tarsus, to build their permanant residences, depots, courts, community buildings, and churches. He also gave them already existing churches in Mamistra and Tarsus. Finally, the Genoese ambassadors were endowed with extra-territorial jurisdiction over all their compatriots living in New Armenia.50

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Six months later Leon II received the Venetian Ambassador Jacopo Badaro who had been sent by the Doge Enrico Dondolo, vested with full powers.

The Ambassador received all the privileges which had been granted to the Genoese Ambassador. Nevertheless, the Venetians were given a less number of establishments than had been envisaged for the Genoese. This was inevitable because, as Heyd observes, if all the Europeans in general could have relied on Leon's equal welcome, the Genoese had the first right by virtue of their whole-hearted support of the Armenian ambassadors in the West (probably in connection with the negotiations with the Emperor and the Pope).60

Later, with the growth of the economic importance of New Armenia, the merchants

of other countries established their offices in the land. These were: the commercial houses of Florence (most noted of which was the Bank of Bardi), the Pisans, the merchants of Midi of Southern France (particularly Montpellier), and the firm of Catalan.

Without the favorable terms which the Genoese and the Venetians obtained,—they were exempt from customs duties—the other merchants likewise had their own privileges (generally a diminution of customs duties from 4% to 2%).

"Generally," writes Heyd, "the Armenian kings supported the progress of commerce with all their power. They wanted to see the Western nations have a place in their kingdom. They were not satisfied by merely insuring their Christian sympathy; it was necessary to battress this sentiment with some material interest because without the active cooperation of the maritime states of the West, surrounded as they were on all sides by Moslems, and especially after the fall of the Crusader states, the Armenians would be unable to withstand their enemies."

In fact, beginning with the end of the Thirteenth century, following the destruction of the Crusader states under the blows of the Muslimans, New Armenia was the West's sole bridgehead on the Asiatic continent. This situation made her the last commercial center between West and East. Thereafter the greater part of the exchange was centralized in New Armenia which, in the words of Heyd, became "the real vestibule of Central Asia." This position was strengthened all the more as the Holy See forbade the Western merchants entry into Saracen ports under dire penalties. Terrified by the lightning bolts of the Holy See, the merchants thereafter switched their trade to New Armenia."61

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>59</sup>Heyd, I, p. 369.

<sup>60</sup>Heyd, I, p. 369.

<sup>61</sup>Heyd, II, p. 80.

The Port of Lajazzo, in particular, enjoyed an enormous development. Aboulfeda speaks of Lajazzo as a famous port, a rendezvous, where the merchants rushed from land and sea. At the time of Marco Polo the Port of Lajazzo was the meeting ground of Western merchants and travelers who wanted to penetrate the interior of the Asian continent. On their return they again made their departure from Lajazzo. It was at Lajazzo where in 1271 Marco Polo landed with his brothers to embark on one of his great journeys. He tells us that this port was a great mart where one could find "all sort of of spices, textiles, golden brocades and other merchandise brought from the interior of Asia," and that the merchants of Genoa, Venice, and other countries brought the product of the West here to exchange it with the product of the East.62

New Armenia thus became the greatest emporium of the East. The merchants of the West came here to purchase their spices, the perfume, their pigments, silks, muslin, rugs, cotton goods, pearls, and porcelain. In exchange they gave gold, silver, metals, weapons, woolens and draperies, (especially the product of Flanders and Tuscany).

And finally, for the first time in history we see the creation of an Armenian fleet whose units established liaison between the East and Italy. Alichan discovered mention of this fleet and its units in the decisions of the Venetian Senate and countless other documents.<sup>63</sup>

However, at the turn of the Thirteenth century the situation of the Kingdom of New Armenia deteriorated because it was left alone to withstand the assaults of the Egyptian Sultans. The latter wanted to destroy the prosperity of Lajazzo in order to transfer the commerce of the West to Egypt. They attacked the Cilician Kingdom many times as we have seen and by the Treaty of 1285 they imposed on it a tribute of million drachmas, and later by the Treaty of 1323 they demanded half of the revenues from customs duties and the salt mines of Lajazzo and Portella. To be able to pay these enormous tributes and to meet the needs of the government-despite the fact that these impositions materially reduced the revenues of the kingdom -the kings of New Armenia were obliged to improvise new sources of revenue. They did not touch the treaties which reduced or annuled the customs duties favoring the European merchants but they imposed new imposts (such as the anchorage tax for foreign ships, the road tax, navigation of rivers tax, and the market tax).64

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During the wars against the Egyptian kings the Port of Lajazzo was captured three times, was pillaged, and finally, in 1347, it fell into the hands of the Sultans. Thus, thirty years before the disappearance of the Cilician Kingdom, its ruin was definitely settled.

#### Social Aspects

The society of New Armenia consisted of five distinct classes.

At the very summit, immediately below the king, was the high nobility consisting of the grand Barons, largely the heirs of the Armenian nobility who had accompanied Ruben to Cilicia and had taken part in the conquest of the land. This high nobility included the grand vassals who were directly attached to the Throne. It consisted of the Barons who owned the principal fortresses and occupied high posts in the royal court, bishops, and such per-

<sup>62</sup>Le livre de Marco Polo, edition Panthier,
Paris 1865, Vil, I, pp. 15, 18, 34.
63Alishan, Hai Venet, Venice, 1869. See also

F. Macler, La Flotte armenienne dans Nouvelle Mosalque Irientale, Paris, 1923.

<sup>64</sup>Heyd, II, p. 89.

sons whose immediate sovereign and lord was the king himself.

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Immediately below the high nobility were the barons of the second echelon—the knights, the officers attached to the person of the king, the abbots of the monasteries, and generally all those who depended on the king, not directly, but through the intervention of another person. These nobles of the second category were all subject to a grand nobleman who in turn was a vassal of the king. Still they enjoyed seniorial and judicial rights which generally were the prerogative of the high nobility.

Another category of the poulation was the bourgeoisie of the towns. This class consisted only in part of Armenians, because the Italians and the Greeks were an important element in it.

Among the elements which lived by agriculture the Armenian peasant occupied a unique position. Although the essence of the feudalistic regime demands that the men and the lands should be divided among the nobility, thus reducing the peasant into a serf, nevertheless, a highly important exception was made in favor of the Armenian peasant. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that the occupation of Cilicia by the Armenians was in the nature of a conquest, a sort of colonization which was a comparatively new phenomenon. As the representatives of a conquering people, writes Willebrand d' Oldenbourg, the Armenians were not doomed to the status of a serf, but they were free men who had been given lands in special quotas. They found themselves in such a condition that one could have assimilated them as colonists.65

And finally, the former inhabitants whom the Armenians found among the

peasantry at the time of their conquest, were attached to the soil and formed a class of serfs.

#### **Cultural Aspects**

From the cultural standpoint the history of New Armenia bears the stamp of the Western, specifically the Latin, spirit whose influence on the Armenian people was explicit throughout the period.

By putting the Armenian people in continuous and intimate contact with Europe, the Crusaders opened new and broader avenues before the Armenian mind. It was thus that the French language alongside the Armenian became the language of the royal court and the nobility, in the royal chancellery the Latin and the French, alongside the Armenian, assumed official status, while the Italian language dominated the commercial world.

This period also marked the creation of a literature of great importance which was considered the Silver Age of Armenian Letters, the Golden Age having been represented by the great works of the Fifth century. As in the past, once again it was in the realm of history that the Armenian writers shone, many of whom belonged to the higher classes. Among the writers, aside from the princes of the Church, we find a Constable of the kingdom, Sumbat, and King Hetum's nephew.

Noted among these works are the famous elegies of the Catholicoses Nerses Shnorhali (Nerses the Gracious, or Nerses the Talented), and his nephew and successor Nerses Dgha. The first of these works is dedicated to the fall of Edessa, and the second to Jerusalem.

Among these works worthy of mention are the History of Mathew of Edessa (covering the period 952-1136), the History of Mkhitar Anetzi (Michael Gregory), the History of the Rubenian Dynasty writ-

<sup>65</sup>V. Langlois, Essai historique sur la Constitution sociale et politique de l'Armenie sous les Roubeniens, Saint Petersburg, 1860.

ten by Vahram Rabouni, the secretary of King Leon II, and the chronicle (952-1274) by Constable Sumbat.

To this list should be added many theological works, such as the Bishop of Tarsus, Nerses Lambronatzi's Homiles and lithurgical Commentaries, medical and philosophical works, etc.

In all these works, it is the contributions of the Armenian historians and chroniclers which indisputably are important, because their totality constitutes a vital contribution to the history of the Crusaders. These writings clarify many obscure points and verify many details pertaining to the history of the Crusades.<sup>66</sup>

The kings of the Rubenian Dynasty have likewise left behind a splendid collection of medieval numismatics.

And lastly, mention should be made of the role of Armenian architects and workers in the construction of military and industrial masterpieces left behind by the Crusaders, as the heirs of the tradition of a constructive people.

This contact of the Armenians with the Crusaders paved the way for Armenian architecture to bring its contribution to the splendid flowering of Western architecture beginning with the Twelfth century. Henry Focillon had this in mind when he wrote the following lines: "A New Armenia, having escaped from its cradle, was formed by the expatriates toward the end of the Eleventh century. The relations of these princes of Tarsus and the Barons of Cilicia constitute an important chapter of the history of Latin West. Toward the end of the Eleventh century the Armenians

safely and consistently put into operation constructive processes which were transferred elsewhere. From then on the French became acquainted with these processes."67

In conclusion, we might safely say that the Armenian people, during the three century history of New Armenia, continued to maintain the role of a civilizing liaison between East and West, a role which had been theirs for centuries.

#### The Historical Importance Of New Armenia

Before concluding the history of New Armenia it is pertinent to note what was the mission, and what was the role this valiant little kingdom played in the history of the world and the history of the Armenian people?

From the standpoint of general history, the basic character of the contribution of New Armenia has been brought out by historian Clemens Klein in his history of the Crusades.

"Those branches of the epic of the Crusades represented by New Armenia and Cyprus," writes Klein, "although patterned after the Crusader states, survived them more than one century after their downfall. In a far more sharply effective style than the Crusaders, they insured and prolonged the contact of eastern civilization as represented by the Byzantine culture with Western Europe, thus paving the way for the Renaissance of the West." 88

As to its significance and importance in Armenian history, it was no less remarkable, because it put Armenia in contact with the Western world, making her their ally and their disciple. The Crusaders, writes Macler, held relations with New Armenia in many ways. They availed them-

60 Almost all the queens of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem were Armenians.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>66</sup>See E. Dulaurier, Historiens des Croisades, Vol. I, Documents Armeniens, Paris, 1869; and C. Kohler, Histoire des Croisades, Vol. II, Documents Armeniens, Paris, 1906.

<sup>67</sup>Preface to the work of Baltrusaitis, Etudes sur l'Art medieval en Georgie et en Armenie, Paris, 1829, p. X.

<sup>68</sup>C. Klein, Die Kruzzuge; Helmott, Weltgeschichte, Leipzig, 1920, Vol. II, p. 533.

selves of Armenia's roads, they borrowed her troops, received her ambassadors and fought against her enemies, established feudal states at her door step, married Armenian girls. <sup>60</sup> It was due to their influence that New Armenia became a real European state, by effecting a rapprochment with the Roman Church, and by sending its representatives to the principal Christian centers.

This period proved a magnificent education for the Armenian people because it represented a close tie and a liaison with the West which neither the peoples of the East nor the Balkan peoples ever attained.

From the political and cultural view-points New Armenia had an opportunity to be educated in this Twelfth century Western school during a most prolific period of the Middle Ages when the most original creations of the Medieval world came into prominence—chivalry, courtesy and gallantry, and when the ideal and the teaching of human rights was revived.

The part of France in this spiritual emergence is well known. When we note that the Crusades preminently were the work of France since it was Urban II the French Pope who did the preaching and it was the French warriors who led the First Crusade, and since the greater part of the Crusaders set out from France for two centuries, then it becomes plain that the ties which bind France with Armenia began in those days.

"Gesta Dei per Francos"—The works of God through the French! These words of Guilbert de Nogent place the seal on this great enterprise. From this date on, until recently, the name of France has become the common denominator for all Westerners.

The history of New Armenia likewise marks the start of a period of collaboration between the Vatican and the Armenians. As the proof of a broad political comprehension, the Vatican did its best to strengthen New Armenia.

The history of New Armenia is connected with the names of several Popes, such as Celestine II and Innocent II who were supporters of King Leon II by introducing him into the Western courts and aiding him in every way possible.

Leon II whose all actions were designed to attach the Armenian people to the West, in response to an ardent wish of the Popes, even tried to effect the union of the Armenian church with the Vatican. But here he, as well as his successors, encountered the fierce opposition of the Armenian clergy and the people who were strongly attached to their church traditions.

The history of New Armenia also marks the first contact of the Armenians with the Germans, if we disregard the presence of Armenian contingents in Roman armies who anciently fought against the Germans.

We have already related the role which Frederick Barbarossa had reserved for New Armenia in his grand scheme of restoration of the Roman Empire. Later, when his son Emperor Henry VI, loyal to the memory of his father, bestowed the royal crown on Leon II, by this act the German Emperor became a sort of sovereign lord over the kingdom of New Armenia. These relations between New Armenia and the German Empire were further cemented by many ties which evolved between New Armenia and the knights of the Teutonic Order who became Armenia's allies.

Finally, from the economic view point, by her direct contact New Armenia learned much from Italy where, during the last stages of the Middle Ages, various institutions and techniques were in process of emergence, such as the banking system, the use of letters of exchange, the discount rebate, the joint stock partnership, the consulates, and the accounting system, which dominated the life of all peoples.

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By putting into practice what they had learned, the Armenians later played an important role in the economic life of the East.

In conclusion, it might rightly be said that the era of New Armenia was of considerable importance because, thanks to it, and thanks to the union of Armenia with the West, the Armenian people came to know, for example, what they lacked from their contact with Byzantium and the peoples which were fashioned after her image. They came in contact with the West of the Middle Ages—the Middle Age of chivalry and gallantry, the Middle Age of the troubadours, the poets, the scholars and the legislators of the West.

(To be continued)



# Corporal, Reciprocal Retribution

"a melodrama"

#### YEGHIA NAKASHIAN

From the pinnacle of a tussling pedestal
Besieged by confluent twaddling hand-tohand Armenian ears
A racy hodgepodge of homogeneous
Armenians
And admiring wriggling cuddling hearts
I was taken to a hospital
Admiring many twilights
All like a fuguelike melodrama
Wrapped like a mummy
Like being knocked down
In a sortie
Or caught as an emissary
Immaculately, refractorily

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All I harangued, sobbed-fulminated was that "We are stickling for nothing And everything is futile And nothing will come to fruition!" Expostulation! Never meant a combat-No I won't recant And neither want to be forward Or be a target for another fusillade As deep in my heart I never meant confutation . . . Felicitation! (homonym) But exemption-We are exempt from liberty That's our Adam-and-Eve penalty Explicitly! It's written that way A holster without a pistol

A sheath without a saber Or a saber without a hilt Brain without a body Though never a body without brain! There is no other way Please leave me alone And go away I am yet a fawn With a feeble-minded crown! The Armenian crevasse Is too wide To be revamped or battened! Variegation . . . Retrogression It's like rallying frightened ramified fry In a savagely raged ocean All-round people Are forced to shed their antlers To shed their antlers with their rattles Or be shaped on anvils! Rammered to ashes! To build up what A rampant anthill? What ladder could soar into the empyrean Remember the antediluvian times Anachronism? A book called Bible Two pieces of timber called Cross Will make even the blind comprehend Or the visioned blindly comprehend And if you don't have the radical Bible The retrievable Cross

The rancorous sand will tell you so!

## THE DOVES OF OHANAH

(Suggested by the poem "The Doves' Monastery," By Hovaness Toumanian)

#### MAGDA HAROUT

There was once a charming canton in in the North Land. In this canton there were several villages. In these villages there were many houses. Around the houses sprawled numerous farms and beyond the farms stood a lonely monastery. To the left of the monastery lay a huge graveyard, to the right a wide lake. In all that entire, immense canton there lived but one man. And in all that entire, vast graveyard there lay but one grave.

Ohanah was the name of the mysterious valley. Travelers carefully avoided it. Neighbors from nearby cantons crossed themselves and lowered their voices if they chanced to pass by. For strange things happened there. In Spring the fields were seeded. In Fall the harvests were gathered. And even stranger than that, fresh fish hung drying on front porches while flowers bloomed in back gardens. All this would have been natural enough for any other ordinary canton. Buth there was nothing ordinary about Ohanah. There were no dogs in the streets, no cats in the trees, no farmers in the fields, no fishermen at the streams. In fact there was only the one man.

"Who tills the soil?" neighboring shepherds would ask.

"Who tends the gardens?" passing travlers would ask.

"Only Old Ohan knows," the wise crones would cackle, pointing to the monastery at the far end of the valley. In that stark sanctuary lived Father Ohan, the only mortal being in the canton of Ohanah. Hoary and bent, with his unkept beard brushing the hem of his threadbare habit, the monk divided his days between the altar and the graveyard. The ancient monastery was grey, with damp stone floors. The graveyard, which served as its garden, was soft and sweet with deep grass and flowers; except for a patch in the center. On that patch not even the hardiest weed would grow. In that bald square of dry, cracking clay, lay the only grave in Ohanah.

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Unlike the desolate stillness of the villages, there was a joyous flurry of life surrounding the monastery and its adjoining cemetery. At any time of day or night, at any time of year, white doves lined the roof, waddled across the walls and clustered like gossips on the gaunt headstone. They fluttered affectionately about the old man, cooing and brushing up against him. He, in turn, petted them gently, scattered crumbs and stopped to chat with first one and then another.

"Mariam, Armen sends you his love," he'd whisper.

"Garo, where have you been all summer?" he'd scold.

"Anoush, how lovely you've grown," he'd compliment. Father Ohan knew and loved them, everyone. And there were quite a few. Not just a bevy, a brood, a covey or flock; but swarms of hundreds upon hundreds. Every year on his Name Day they would turn the sky dark as they'd swoop in all at once to pay their respects to their beloved monk. They were his friends, his companions, his consolation. They were the mysterious inhabitants of Ohanah.

In the cool solitude of his bare room, Father Ohan closed his eyes and recalled the peaceful days just before the events that transformed Ohanah into a living legend. He remembered his winged friends as they once were; Armen and Garo working the fields, Mariam and her girlfriends chattering at the spring. He could hear the songs and shouts of the small children at play. Smiling, he recalled the past. He relived the bygone days till the happy sounds turned into cries of fear as "Tatar! Tatar is coming!" resounded across the valley.

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"Ah, ah, ah," sighed Ohan. He opened his eyes, his revierie ended. "Ah, Tatar, Tatar!" he frowned out the window at the graveyard. Shaking his head, Ohan went grumbling about his chores. Tatar interrupted Ohan's dreams just as he had interrupted his prayers, years ago.

Tatar The Terrible had come to Ohanah. He came from the Frozen Wilds with an evil heart and a greedy hand. He came with horses, tents, weapons and troops. His army of wild Tartars gleefully carried out his orders of Burn! Attack! Overturn! Ransack!

He entered the canton with his army early one morning. Sweeping through, they looted every house and trampled every farm, stopping only when they had reached the far shores of the lake. So complete was the surprise attack that by the time the sun had climbed half-way up the sky, Ohanah was captured.

The noon-day sun stared down on empty houses, deserted shops and smoking fields. Suddenly, after all the shouts, screams and noise of battle, it was quiet. Nothing moved

in the vallages. Even the animals seemed to have disappeared.

The people that had been killed were gathered up and tossed into the lake; those that survived were chained up as slaves. As a final insult to the land and its people, Tatar made camp outside the monastery. He built a huge fire at the steps of the holy place and roasted his stolen lambs and chickens.

By dusk the noisy army was settled for the night. The cool evening was filled with the smells of roasting meat, the brawling of drunken men, and the moaning of the slaves. Tatar rested inside his lavish tent. After his meal he fell quickly to sleep, undisturbed by the wails of his prisoners.

He was a monster of a man, so full of hate there was no room for love or sympathy. Tatar cared for only one other in the world; his brother Kaghik. He took him wherever he went. He gave him a fine gentle horse, servants, and three special guards.

He ordered the servants:
"No work must he do,
I leave that to you."
He ordered the guards:
"What he wants to do,
You three must do, too!"

So the servants saw to Kaghik's needs and the guards to his safety. In fact he was never alone. Tatar The Terrible, who feared nothing in the world, feared for his brother's well-being. Not because he loved him, not because he was loyal, not because he pitied him for having one leg; but because they were twins. And in the dark and superstitious land he came from, twins were believed to be bewitched. Since they were born together, they must live and die together; two beings with but one life between them. If he feels pain, so will I', Tatar thought. 'If he is slain, I too will die,' he worried. Indeed, looking into his brother's face was like bending over a clear mountain pool. Except for Kaghik's one leg, they were identical. They looked the same. But there the likeness ended.

Nowhere in the world were there two brothers so very unlike each other. Everyone wondered at the difference.

The Morning Guard grumbled:
"I feed the slaves before I eat,
Kaghik insists we share our meat."
"He's meek," sneered the servants.
The Noon Guard mumbled:
"At the well we're never first.
The prisoners draw their water first."
"He's weak," jeered the servants.
The Night Guard complained:
"At least at night you two can sleep.
I watch him pray and hear him weep."
"He's not at all like his brother," they all agreed.

And so it was, while Tatar burned, attacked, overturned and ransacked, Kaghik comforted, nursed and prayed for freedom. For Kaghik was as much a prisoner as the slaves Tatar took from every land. He was only kept alive, so that Tatar would not die. While one brother slept, the other saw to the needs of the new prisoners; the villagers of Ohanah.

Unknown to Tatar, there was one free man left in the canton. The monastery, seeming deserted, had not been searched. But in its chapel, a lone figure knelt in prayer. Father Ohan had been on his knees since early that morning, when he had first heard the shouts of "Tatar! Tatar is coming!" When he realized what was happening, he closed his eyes and prayed. He prayed through the approaching clamor of battle, through the howls and shrieks and moans. He stayed on his knees all day and all night, for his land and his people; praying for some sign from his Lord in Heaven.

It was the following dawn when he finally rose and walked slowly out the chapel and down the monastery steps. Still mumbling his prayers, he shuffled towards the lake in a trance, his eyes staring far up into the sky. The Guards were the first ones to see him.

The startled Morning Guard said:
"I must be dreaming. Who is he?
Our master sets no prisoners free!"
"A vision," assured the servants.
The astonished Noon Guard said:
"That can't be true, I see him too.
I even hear his voice, don't you?"
"An apparition," reassured the servants.
The baffled Night Guard said:
"Chost or Man I don't care to know.
"Shall we kill it, or let it go?"
"We'd better call Tatar!" they all agreed.

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Tatars came quickly. He came with his Bowmen, Spearmen and Guards. He stood arrogantly at the edge of the lake surrounded the Bowmen, who bent their bows, the Spearmen who aimed their spears, and the Guards who stood ready to attack. Meanwhile the old monk walked slowly forward, looking neither right nor left. He neared the lake; the Bowmen knelt on their knees. He crossed the pebbled shore; the Spearmen drew back their arms. He stepped out from shore to the water; Tatar opened his mouth to speak. But before Father Ohan had taken three steps, the Tartars threw themselves face down on the ground. All the army shivered with fear, and Tatar himself stood dumbfounded, his black hairy jaw wide open. Father Ohan was walking across the lake.

With his eyes still upward, his lips still moving, he stepped across the water as if he were on solid ground. He, himself did not realize the marvel he was performing till Tatar's voice boomed out, 'Stop! Listen! Stop! Turn Back!' The monk stopped, looked down at the water and walked back to shore in disbelief. Then he knelt down on the pebbles and clasped his hands.

Tatar said:

"Now, tell me your name.

My seers you will shame."

Ohan did not even open his eyes.

Tatar asked:

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"Whence comes your power?"
Some witch in your tower?"

Ohan opened his eyes at that, and looked up to Heaven.

Tatar asked:

"It comes from the sky?

Is it powerful as I?"

Ohan still did not answer. Tatar began to wonder about this great invisible power in the sky which caused such miracles and which gave this peaceful man the courage to defy him. Believing the monk to be protected by some mighty force, he decided to win his favor.

He ordered:

"I respect the bold,

Give this man some gold."

But before his order could be carried out, Father Chan stood up and shook his head. Everyone gaped! The monk had dared to shake his head at Tatar The Terrible! 'Surely he must be a sorcerer!' thought the Bowmen and the Spearmen.

Tatar commanded:

"Give him my best slave."

But before they could, Father Ohan frowned and shook his head again. Everyone gasped! he had dared to frown at Tatar The Terrible! 'Surely he must be a wizard in disguise!' thought the servants and guards.

This time Tatar demanded:

"Very well, then. Speak!

What do you seek?"

Ohan answered in a strong, clear voice. "Ah, Tatar, Tatar, you have done a terrible thing." He looked at the villages and then at the camp, his face a stern, deliberate mask. "You must not chain these people 'Let them free!' says the Lord of Heaven."

It was Tatar's turn to shake his head.

Ohan kenw how important it was to convince Tatar to agree. He also knew he must not seem too anxious, or he might arouse Tatar's suspicion. So he took a deep breath, cleared his throat, and continued as if he had not noticed Tatar's refusal. "Free enough people to fill the chapel and my Master will be satisfied. Only then will you escape his wrath!"

Tatar laughed and said:

"Your master is sly,

But no slyer than I.

Of tricks I am wary,

Chapels all vary.

How many will it hold?

Some hold hundreds, I'm told!"

Kaghik who had been listening all the while, came forward and said he would measure the chapel in the monastery. Tatar was reluctant to let him enter the somber structure, but finally agreed.

So using his one leg and a wooden crutch, Kaghik hopped up the stairs, followed by all three of his special guards. He soon returned and told his brother that it was just a common chapel, of ordinary size, with one door and two narrow windows high above the altar.

"It's really quite small," said the Morning Guard.

"Won't hold many at all," added the Noon Guard.

"And there's no secret wall!" reassured the Night Guard. So Tatar agreed to Father Ohan's terms and went back to his tent, thinking he had the best of the bargain. Father Ohan went back into the monastery with a light, excited step and walked straight to the chapel.

The prisoners were freed two by two and began walking up the stairs to the monastery. Kaghik sat outside Tatar's tent and watched them file past.

"How lucky they are," sighed the servants.

"One dozen so far," counted the Guards.

And the people kept coming. The servants went about there tasks. Tatar went back to rest, leaving orders to be called when the chapel was full.

The morning meal was prepared and served. The Noon Guard replaced the Morning Guard, and the people still kept coming.

"How many there are," wondered the servants.

"Yes, one hundred so far," exclaimed the Guards.

And still they kept coming. Tatar became impatient and joined his brother outside the tent.

"Why haven't they called me?

The chapel's full, surely!"

He summoned his men, but they assured him that the chapel was not yet full.

He asked crossly:

"Two dozen or three?"

When he heard that over a hundred people had been set free, he was furious. He bellowed and howled, whipped the servants and cursed. Kaghik said he would go and see how so many people could crowd into such a common, ordinary chapel with only one door and two narrow windows. He went in without his special guards, this time.

Tatar waited for his brother outside, while still more people filed past. But Kaghik did not come back. The Night Guard made ready to replace the Noon Guard, and still he did not return. And still more prisoners passed into the monastery.

Tatar puzzled:

"No one comes out.
What's this all about?"

Feeling uneasy, he sent some men to circle the back of the monastery and some the lake, just in case they were leaving in some secret way, to make more room for others in the chapel. Meanwhile the remaining prisoners walked up the steps and disappeared into the monastery. Now, there was

not a single slave left in the camp. When Tatar's men returned to say they had seen only doves flying about, and nothing else, he flew into a rage.

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"Fools! That can't be! Tatar, himself, will see!"

And he rushed into the monastery.

He ran from room to room, through hall after hall, upstairs and downstairs, but not one single soul did he see. Then he burst into the chapel. It, too, was empty except for Father Ohan, praying at the altar.

He thundered:

"Where are they, wizard!

I'll tear out your gizzard!

I'll cut out your eyes,

For your treacherous lies!"

Father Ohan turned around slowly. Tears were streaming down his face. With a blissful smile on his lips he lifted his eyes up at the two narrow windows, high up over the altar. Several white doves lingered for a moment on the sill and then flow out into the sky.

"You've changed them to birds,

With your magical words!"

The monk shook his head and said gentiy, "Ah, Tatar, Tatar. Can't you see it was not I?"

Beside himself with rage, Tatar stormed outside, shouting at his men to shoot down the doves. But they saw only white clouds drifting across the darkening sunset. "Aim! Shoot! Aim! Kill!" he bellowed. As his men peered into the sky they discovered that the clouds were actually white doves flying closely together. But before they could aim, Tatar impatiently grabbed the nearest bow and shot wildly into the air. The arrow whined high up into the murky sky and fell back down with a dove skewered on its shaft. He picked it up to examine it and froze at the sight. Tatar turned towards his men with a gasp of horror and dropped dead on the ground.

All were frightened. All were confused.

They all rushed to their master; Bowmen, Spearmen, Guards and servants.

"Aiiil" screamed the Morning Guard.
"Aiiil" shreiked the Noon Guard.

"Aiiil" echoed the Night Guard.

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Their master lay dead at their feet with blood on his breast. Clenched in his hand was an arrow with a dove skewered on its shaft, blood on its breast.

It was a dove with only one leg.

The Tartars ran from Ohanah, with their horses, their tents and their weapons. They ran away from the monastery with its graveyard, the lake, the farms and the houses. They did not stop till they reached the far Frozen Wilds.

Father Ohan buried Tatar in the graveyard with a plain stone at his head. Then he returned to his chores, his prayers and a life of quiet meditation.

The doves flew down from the sky to rest awhile and decide what to do. Some stayed in Ohanah to tend their homes, some flew to other lands. But they all agreed to fly back once a year to thank their Saviour and Priest.

Today the monastery stands empty; as forgotten as Ohanah. Father Ohan is dead. But his doves still fly throughout the world as symbols of Peace and Freedom. Not a bevy, brood, covey or flock; but swarms of hundreds upon hundreds. In courtyards, in churchyards and public squares, wherever they happen to gather, they flutter and coo affectionately; The Doves of Ohanah.

# BOOK REVIEWS

SOLILOQUY IN THE DUSK, by Kersam G. Ajemian, House of Falmouth, Inc., Portland, Me., 1961; 38 pp., price \$1.25

Kersam Ajemian, whose poem, "Exhortation to Sons of Armenia," appeared in the winter issue Armenian Review, has published a slim volume of poems, written over the past fifteen years. The poems cover a wide range of subjects and moods, some dealing with abstractions like "Beauty," "The Voice of Conscience," or Innocence," some dealing with the romantic aspects of nature, flowers, clouds and butterflies, and some in a more satirical vein dealing with various aspects of modern life such as the income tax. There are two "speeches in verse," "Hitler's Harangue at the Sportsplatz on the Eve of the Russian Campaign," and "Leon V, De Lusignan, King of Cilicia before Richard II, King of England and the Lords in Westminster Palace." And there are poems to Omar Khayyam, Arthur Godfrey and Marcel Marceau, and more, difficult to categorize.

This is pleasant reading, at its best when light. Ajemian picks for his humor some of the elements of society which have been most heavily satirized, on which it is possible to find a joke in almost any issue of the popular magazines, and yet his mode of versifying and slightly skew angle of observation give the tired jokes a fresh life, as in "When a Quack Meets a Hypochondri-

ac,":
You might well turn the trick if you be quick

Advertise, analyze, minimize, rationalize, Or augurize, dogmatize, moralize, soliloquize,

Or augurize, dogmatize, mo But not scandalize.

Otherwise, you should consult before sunrise—
A Psychologist, neurologist, chiropodist, platoniit

Psychiatrist, pathologist, polygamist or an immunologist

But not a Bolshevist.

—I am in despair.

-You? The poor millionaire! Your diet needs a revise.

Relax and take vitamin XX

It's free of tax.

Among the other targets at which Ajemian pokes fun are spinsters, the Calypso fad, and drinking, "Others drink for the "kick"/Social drinkers indeed,/Following their own clique,/ Jolly fellows, highly pedigreed/Occasionally they raise Cain,/Over a bottle of champagne.

These lines should also serve as examples of Ajemian's technique of knitting together a number of lines of varying numbers of metrical feet

by the use of rhymes which, by their unexpectedness, become emphatic; as always, good humorous verse contains humor in its form as well as in its content, in a kind of gentle teasing of the reader. In more serious poems, Ajemian writes the lines of equal length, in each stanza, but varies the length of line in different stanzas to signal a change in his approach to the subject. Most typical is the case of a poem begun with very short lines, and then followed with a stanza of of long lines, as in the poem "Roses," whose first stanza begins, "Roses fade and fall - Blown by the winds - They sprawl - In the sun, in the mall," whereas the second stanza, referring to the death of loved ones, begins "When our loved ones like roses in bloom - Are carried away by cruel hands to their doom . ."

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Unfortunately Ajemian has fallen, in his serious moments, into the trap of writing poetry about poetic things, and in this area originality is sometimes difficult, especially since he does not use extended metaphors. Probably the most striking element of this poetry, aside from the style of versification, is the use of particular isolated words in a new way giving them great precision. For example, in "The Butterfly," the line "Moving about pianissimo" is extremely vivid because of the transplanted term. And in another case, the fact that a dozen or more German words are scattered through the text of "Hitler's Harangue" gives the impression that the whole thing is German—although the impression is unfortunately interrupted by the use of a few French words common in educated En-

glish, like "coup de grace."

The most serious problem in this poetry is a linguistic one, for whereas the English used is rich and fluent, showing a vocabulary as great as that of any native speaker, and the flaws of usage are so subtle as to go almost unnoticed in prose, they tend to seriously disrupt the flow of poetry. One example of usage which is extremely elusive in English is the use of the word "the." The title "Exhortation to Sons of Armenia" can only be a slovenly way of saying, "Exhortation to some Sons of Armenia." and should be written, "The Sons of Armenia." On the other hand, another poem is titled, "The Humanity in Protest." Here, the word "Humanity" without the article it refers to a particular quality within the personality of an individual, as in "He didn't even have the humanity to do such and such." Another nuance of this kind, almost impossible to know without being saturated with good English usage from birth, appears in the first line of the "Exhortation:" "Sons of Armenia—the elite of the braves. ...". Without the plural, it

would mean the elite of those that have courage; with the plural it means the elite of the American Indian warriors. These criticisms are of course extremely picayun! In no case is there any doubt what the poet intended. They represent, however, a thousand minute irregularities in the fabric of the poetry, a haunting sort of uneasiness in the relationships between the different words.

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This is in general a knotty problem for any immigrant who feels he can and must express himself in verse, as he must choose between the language in which he is most proficient, but which will have the smaller audience, and may seem less immediate, and the language of the country to which he has immigrated, where a few nuances will always elude him no matter how much he studies. It is a problem which is especially difficult for Armenians from families where Turkish or substandard Armenian was spoken, since the difficulty of writing in Armenian is as great or greater than that of English. On the other hand, it is important to remember that modern literary Armenian of the West was self-consciously molded by writers and poets who taught themselves to use it, creating norms as they went along, and to this day Armenian is more regualr but less rigid than English. In addition to this, anyone using a language with which he is not totally familiar, whether Armenian or English, can compensate for the loss of smoothness by an increase of vigor, as it be-comes impossible for the reader to skim over his words, ignoring their import. The meditation on the difference between "Humanity" and "the humanity" stirred up in the sensitive reader by this slight error may give that poem an extra impact on his consciousness, and this is a precious tool for the bilingual, when he succeeds in using it to advantage.

-B. K. Amerian

COLD WAR AND LIBERATION, A Challenge of Aid to the Subject Peoples, by John F. O'Conor; Vantage Press, New York, 1961; 611 pp., price \$7.50.

One of the greatest victories achieved by the Communist leaders has been the acceptance by the West of their legitimacy and their territorial integrity. More and more, the Free World concentrates on preventing the further spread of Communism and on avoiding armed conflict, writing off the once free nations which have been devoured. To protect what remains of the Free World, we have been ready to deal with small oppressive minorities as if they were duly qualified to speak for the populations they represent, and we have ignored the corrosive effect on our system which the acceptance of any tyranny in any part of the world must have on a social system based on the rights of the individual.

In this new book, John F. O'Conor proposes a reassessment of the Western view of the Soviet Union. He tries to demonstrate the futility of any attempt to view the Soviet Union optimistically, showing how the various eras of friendly relations with the Soviets have been based not on any good faith on their part, but on

their need to consolidate their gains, and their willingness to conciliate the West until they are prepared for a fresh round of aggression. This cyclical pattern of attacks and "breathing-spaces," if accepted, clearly results in a much more ominous view of the Soviet Union, taking advantage of Western hopes for peace with the clear intention of betraying them. O'Conor also demonstrates the illegitimacy of the Communist regimes, examining the tactics used by the Bolsheviks to pirate a revolution not of their making, the aggression against the former territories of the Russian Empire, and the deliberate plot to take over Eastern Europe after World War II, as demonstrated, for example, by the deliberate delay of the Russian army in entering Warsaw, allowing the Germans to eliminate all of the patriotic and the brave, leaving a crippled population, easily controllable by the Russian overlords. This record of Russian perfidy is brought up almost to the present, and includes detailed accounts of events in China, Indo-China, Berlin, and so on.

The story of Soviet action is balanced by an account of Western reaction, and in spite of some determined counter thrusts, there is also a long list of decisions delayed or not fully implemented, half-hearted attempts which deserved our full energy, such as the Western participation in the Russian Civil War, or debates that continued until the time for action had passed, as in the case of Hungary. In almost every case, O'Conor is able to show that there was someone high in the government who declared the real danger of the situation, and whose warnings were ignored in favor of a more optimistic view. This chronicle, which is 320 pages long, is based primarily on the public record, especially on the New York Times, with supplementary references to speeches, treaties, diplomatic reports, etc.

In the second section of the book, O'Conor deals with the various forces to which the West has looked for peaceful solutions, such as internal evolution and the "moral force of world opinion," and shows how any reliance on these factors springs from a misunderstanding of the fundamental ruthlessness of the Communist doctrine, maintaining that we have a moral responsibility for liberation, as the only final outcome. In the third section (only 60 pages long), he outlines a few sketchy proposals for future action leading to liberation of the subject peoples; more effective forms of aid from the Free World, increase economic aid, including some to countries like Poland, the organization of free refugee armies ready to move in support of any internal rebellion, and increased opportunities for refugees to publicize the plight of their countrymen, by such device as allowing them to speak in the United Nations. In each case, O'Conor traces the reaction to past proposals of this sort, and shows that they are not complete innovations by pointing to precedents or analogous policies which have been adopted in the past. The section also includes an equally well documented chapter relating the Soviet menace to the Apocalypse of St. John the Apostle, and to the miracles and

visions of Our Lady of Fatima (beginning in 1917), and calling for prayer, especially as conceived by the Catholic Church, as a solution to world problems. There are six appendices, including a substantial section of the Apocalypse,

and almost sixty-pages of foot-notes.

It is unfortunate that such carefully document-ed research should tend to somewhat overemphasize the blackness of the Soviet record, when a genuinely objective analysis would certainly provide an ample basis for warning and condemna-tion, and would give the book considerably more authority. It is more serious that, while recognizing our incontrovertible responsibility to sup-port the subject peoples, Mr. O'Conor ignores many salient features of the modern political scene. No discussion of our moral obligation to the masses behind the Iron Curtain is complete without some reference to the cases in which the United States Government has knowingly and deliberately supported dictatorships, so long as they were anti-Communist, thus further compromising our moral position. This poor record of our democratic beliefs, which is ignored by Mr. O'Conor, stems from the same misconception of world politics which has made it possible to ignore the straits of the captive peoples for so long. It stems from regarding the many whirling eddies of ideological conflict and experimentation now loose in the world as a simple bipolar struggle between good and evil. It ignores the fact that the world is no longer, if it ever was, simply divided between two power blocs, but is infinitely complicated by the development of a self-willed Red China and a growing coalition of Asian and African "Neutralists." This position assumes that we are simply out to beat the Russians in the power sense, whereas really we are in a profound ideological conflict, laboring and hoping for freedom, with the conviction that the continuing security and ideological consistency of the West depend upon efforts to abolish all tyranny whether Communist or not. Armenians especially have had too much tragic experience to align themselves for long with a bloc for which a moral position is only a thin veil over power interests, a veneer which can be readily sacrificed for material advantage.

Another political factor to which Mr. O'Conor pays even less attention is the danger of thermonuclear war. Although he declares firmly that we should do our best to avoid World War III, he deals with no quantitative difference between conventional and thermonuclear war. In general, the problem of political change of any sort is an extremely serious one in the second half of the Twentieth Century. What this author ignores is that war with hydrogen bombs is unthinkable, that one plane may be able to do what the whole Turkish nation failed to do, that the more we care about winning the less ready we should be to risk World War III, for there will be no winners in that war. And without at least partial disarmament, internal revolt is almost precluded by modern methods of control, not only in the Soviet Union but in all parts of the world, where it has been virtually replaced by military coups. The nature of both popular protest and international conflict must be reconsidered in the light of modern armaments, and strikingly original strategies developed.

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Altogether, although the historical sections of Cold War and Liberation embody a warning which must indeed be repeated over and over again, and the moral committment to liberation must certainly be endorsed, this book seems completely naive about some of the most important aspects of the moral and power-political scenes. The steps which are recommended are put forward with no real vision of how liberation might take place, without even considering the major factors which bear on that question, and there-fore, although they may be valid as far as they go, they need to be re-examined in terms of a considerably broader perspective.

-C. B. KASSARJIAN NOTE-The criticisms advanced in the latter part of this review do not necessarily represent the views of The Armenian Review. The contin-gency of Western alignments with questionable Allies (not necessarily an endorsement of the peculiar social and political philosophies involved but as a mere temporising measure) is simply an appreciation of grim reality of the contest, and the interjection of the Chinese and nuclear factors, as well as the complexities of the evolving "Neutralist" alignments, serve but further to complicate the issues. Mr. O'Conor's book will receive further attention in future Review issue. EDITORS

Ben Halpern, The Idea of the Jewish State (Cambridge, Mass.) Harvard University Press, 1961). Harvard Middle Eastern Series 3. XVII, 492 pp. \$10.00

The reviewer of a book with such a title in a journal such as this should perhaps begin by explaining why Armenians and others interested in Armenian culture should also be interested in a book dealing with a Jewish theme. Two reasons which quickly come to mind are the somewhat similar experiences which both the Jewish and Armenian peoples have had at various points in their long histories and the fact that the fate of both is intimately linked with whatever hap-

pens in the Middle East.

The casual observer in the United States may be struck by the apparently great similarities between those two peoples of ancient origin, the Armenians and the Jews, now living in widelyscattered diaspora communities, each interested in an ancestral homeland, in the preservation of an ancient culture and worried about the assimilation of the younger generation into that amorphous blend which constitutes American civilization. These similarities are only apparently great, the differences between the two groups also being great, due not only to the difference in their relative sizes and the longer span of Jewish settlement in this country, but also and most importantly, due to the crucial factor which has marked the Jews off almost throughout their long and painful history- their religious distinctness and the reaction of their environment to it. It is not merely a literary device to try to draw parallels and analogies between the Jews and Armenians but rather a topic worthy of further study by historians and sociologists. These two peoples have followed their historical destinies along parallel roads with only infrequent meetings along the way. Thus we know of a king of Ar-menia of Jewish origin, of large settlements of Jews in Armenia in ancient times, of the Jewish descent of one of Armenia's important families, the Bagratuni, but otherwise these two groups living in lands which unfortunately for them were cross-roads for the armies as well as the merchants of the world, developed along similar lines, each with its unique language and script, and, most important of all, each with a distinct religious faith as well to keep it separate from its neighbors. So through long centuries of alternate "golden" and "dark" ages the two groups came into the nineteenth century, the Age of Na-tionalism, and new struggles and conflicts began, internally to define the nature of the group and its goals, and externally to achieve those goals once defined. There was an "Armnian Question" and a "Jewish Problem" and the process of answering the question and solving the problem millions of human beings were slaughtered while in both instances an unheeding world stood by. There are here, indeed, elements which call for a through comparative study.

Although the book reviewed here is not such a study, it should be of great interest to all those concerned with the phenomena of nineteenth-century nationalism and cultural revivals and their influence on the twentieth-century development of the Middle East. Dr. Halpern's excellent and scholarly book is not another glowing, partisan account of Israel but an objective factual study based on careful scrutiny of the sources, of the idea of the Jewish state, i.e., of the ideological conflict within the Jewish community which eventually gave rise to the concept of Zionism and modern Jewish problem by the restoration of Jewish sovereignty in Palestine. This is the first of two volumes, the second of which will deal with the indirect expressions and effects of this effort at solving the Jewish problem as the Jewish state of Israel meets the problems of education, religion, culture, and communal relations and "seeks political and economic equilibrium under the testing conditions of its local environment and the specific impact of mass immigration."

Dr. Halpern begins with an historical account of the various intellectual movements which represented the Jewish response to the new, liberal atmosphere that followed the French revolution. The Western and Eastern European Jewish movements of Emancipation and Enlightenment, each seemed, at a particular time, to offer the solution to the question of the status of the individual Jew and to the problem of the group as a whole. The hopes for emancipation of Russian Jewry, the most numerous single Jewish community in the late nineteenth century, were cruelly dashed by the government-supported pogroms of the 1880's. The scene was ready for the popular acceptance of the idea of a modern, political Zionism which was presented as a movement of

"auto-emancipation." The age-old pious hopes of a messianic restoration, had at times given rise to activist movements, usually limited in geographic scope to particular Jewish communities. But it was only in the context of the nineteenth century that a congruence of historical factors made possible the rise and spread of a nationalist, activist doctrine such as Zionism with the possibility of its spread to almost all communities of the Jewish Diaspora.

If there is any criticism to be levelled at the author's presentation of the ideological currents at work in the Jewish community, this reviewer would make the point that while it is perhaps true that certain elements in nineteenth-century Jewry found in their religion an ideological justification for inaction, which the author seems to stress, this should not be read back into all the preceding centuries of Jewish history.

The history of the development of the Zionist

The history of the development of the Zionist viewpoint is given fully up to and including the events of 1917—the Sinai campaign and its aftermath. Here then, is an important scholarly contribution to the history of our times which traces the rise of one nationalist movement—unique in that those who embraced it were searching for sovereignty in a country which they did not then occupy—both in its inner workings within the Jewish community and in its political repercussions in the international community.

The only work in English which does anything similar to this for the Armenians is Sarkis Atamian's study The Armenian Community. The latter work, however, does not follow with as much detail the intellectual fermentation in the Armenian community—concerned as it is with the political and diplomatic manifestations of modern Armenian history. If we had studies of the same scope as Halpern's, on the intellectual development of other nationalist movements in the Middle East—Arab, Turkish and Armenian—we would be able to add a new dimension to our historical writing about the modern Middle East and our understanding of those important factors, aside from the treaties, secret deals and betrayals, important though they may be, which have helped shape both that area and the widely scattered communities who look to the Middle East as their historic homeland.

—WILLIAM BRIAN

Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin, by George F. Kennan; Boston, Atlantic-Little, Brown and Co., 411 pp., price \$5.75.

This new and widely acclaimed book by Kennan, a collection of his lectures at Oxford in 1957-58 and at Harvard in the spring of 1960 will prove of great interest partly because it represents the thought of an unemployed diplomat who has now been given a role in the Kennedy State Department as ambassador to Yugoslavia. As such it is somewhat distressing to see how much of the period under discussion, namely 1917-45, is interpreted in terms of the shrewd and brutal personality of Stalin, so that it is by no means clear how to relate the present Soviet regime to its historical antecedents. Beaut-fully

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written and full of perceptive insights, the essays focus on crucial episodes and turning points, laying generous blame on Western diplomacy, pointing out how the Western insistance on prosecuting the German campaign in World War I made the Bolshevik coup possible, and how our policies wavered since then, being especially inconsistent during World War II under FDR. He dispells, however, the myth the Soviets have foisted on many Western thinkers, justly laying the blame for the Cold War on the basic structure and aims of the Soviet regime.

In his final chapter, "Keeping a World Intact," Kennan calls for co-existence as the only alternative to nuclear war, pointing to changes in the USSR, Khrushchev's personality, and a tendency which he claims to detect of ending expansionist policies. However, although his warning against policies "absolutes" and the dangers of nuclear war are indeed timely, he is all too vague about the military stance which should be taken by this country. Political relativism is indeed a sign of maturity, but the practical politician, back in office must have a full understanding of the nemy he confronts, as well as of the sacrifices he may be called upon to risk in the confrontation.

Communism and the Churches, by Ralph Lord Ralph Lord Roy. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1960, 494 p.p., price \$7.50.

Mr. Roy's avowed purpose in this book is to lay bare the communist threat to religion and at the same time to discredit the alarmist who claim widespread Communist infiltration into American churches. This "middle position" is difficult to maintain both in dealing with the "objective" and "subjective" facts of the problem and especially in polemics with the so-called "right" and "left." The major strengths of Roy's book lie in the abundant detail presented for each incident of Communist and alleged Communist infiltration that he discusses. This abundant detail provides an understanding of the attraction Communism has had for some churchmen and the reason why alarmists have made so much hay. Unfortunately there is not sufficient analysis of the causes underlying the various shifts in Communist policy visa-vis religion.

The book covers the period beginning with the Bolshevik revolution down to the present day. Most of the book deals with the relations between the shifts of communist religions policy and the effect these had on white and negro Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen. and the Communists was the peace movement and the anti-Fascist movement of the thirties and early forties. The high point of the alarmist's often unjustified howlings was in the fifties. These two periods are both dealt with very frankly.

two periods are both dealt with very frankly.

At the very end of the book Mr. Roy deals with the Russian, Rumanian, Albanian and Ar-

menian churches. In each case he shows the rough pattern of a group of clergymen who are tied to a Patriarch or Bishop within a Communist country and a group of clergymen who claim independence from the Communist controlled homeland. In the case of the Armenians, Mr. Roy says that not all of the adherants to the pro-Etchmiadzin church are Communists. He goes on to say that attacks on the pro-Etchmiadzin church as Communist or Communist controlled are unjustified. The fact remains, however, that a Patriarch, Bishop or Catholicos exists behind the iron curtain only because it is politic for the manipulators in the Kremlin. This cannot be denied. Mr. Roy should re-think this mater of Communism and the Eastern churches.

Russians As People, by Wright Miller; E.P. Dutton and Co., 1961, 205 pp., Illus., price \$3.95.

Most Americans who have learned Russian and spent enough time in the Soviet Union to gain some informal understanding of the Russian people have found them appealing, and Wright Miller, an English journalist writing with gentle humor, is no exception. He has based his discussion of Russian character on what he takes to be the most fundamental characteristic of Russian life, namely the cycle of the seasons, the long, harsh winter when the pace of life is chilled al-most to a standstill, and then the quick, lovely spring and short summer. Constructing his commentary in delicate counterpoint to this description of nature, he describes the rhythm of life and the work habits of the Russian people as an extreme contrast between partial hibernation and sporadic bursts of effort, a pattern which the discipline of the Soviet regime has not been able to eliminate. He is struck by the bleakness of life, the inhuman character of many institutions, and yet one of his main themes is the continuing sense of community pervading the "cell-like monotony of the mass.

Although this book is presented as non-political, it provides a basis for understanding many of the political facts about the Soviet Union. The Russian tradition which began long before the revolution, in which all dynamic change originated at the center instead of at the "grass roots, seems to hold out little hope for the evolutionary change originating in popular pressure to which Western thinkers have always looked for improvement in the Soviet Union. And the fatalism and naive brutality of the people seem revealed in their rigid adherance to formal rules, contrasted with an almost reckless disregard of the consequences of short-cuts and disorder, which ". . . involved a certain failure to come to grips with the objective world, and though they have been organized to produce some of the greatest Soviet triumphs, they have also contributed to some of the most inhuman aspects of the regime."

#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIR-CULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF ARMENIAN REVIEW

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Boston, Massachusetts, October 1, 1961

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Hrach Tarbassian, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the ARMENIAN REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: Hairenik Association, Inc. 212 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.

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Business Manager - HRACH TARBASSIAN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1961.

SARKIS CHUTCHIAN (Notary Public)

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(My commission expires Sept. 24, 1966)